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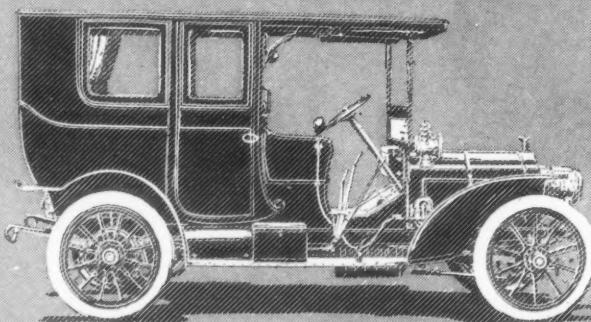
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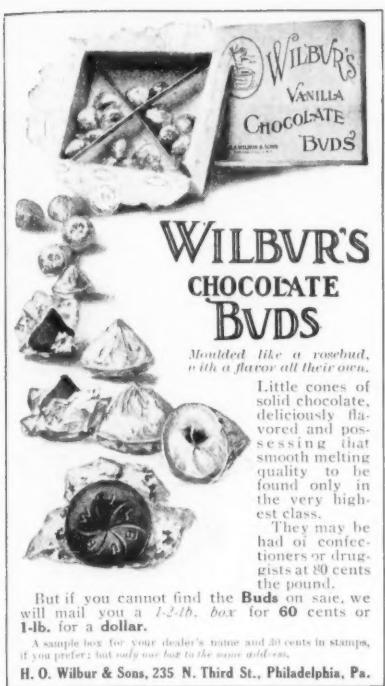
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Collier's

New York

Saturday, December 21, 1907



The Knight-Errant. Cover Design

Drawn by Will Bradley

"Twas the Night Before Christmas

Frontispiece in Color



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Number 13

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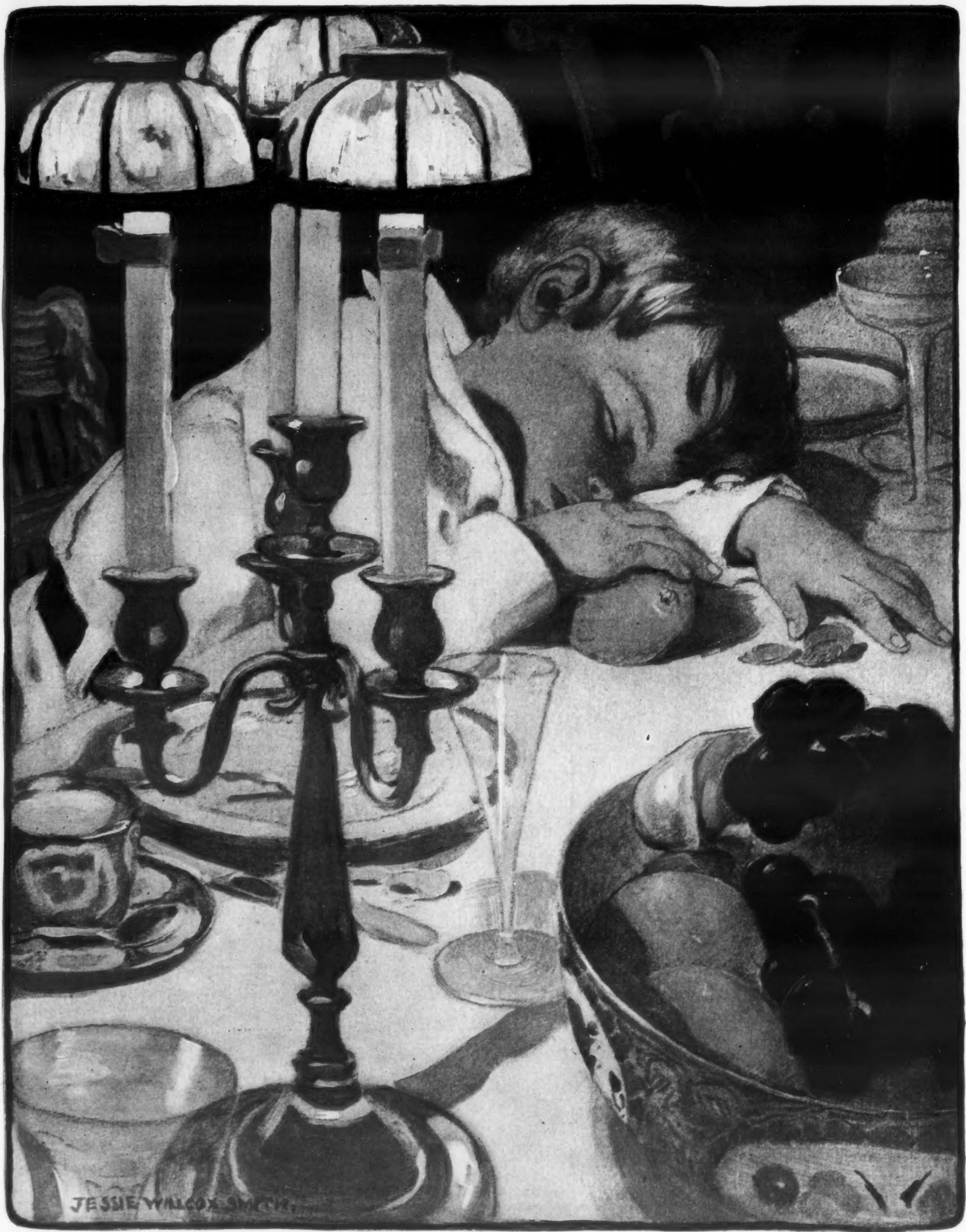
Canada

Arkansas Hot Springs

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Battle Creek

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“TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS . . .”

Drawn by

JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

Collier's

The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416 424 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

December 21, 1907



ONE OF THE MOST lamentable results of that strange mass of selfishness and bad government which was uncovered in connection with the Pennsylvania Capitol Building relates to art. GEORGE GRAY BARNARD is altogether an artist and not at all a business man. It was, therefore, comparatively easy for the dishonest architect, HUSTON, to defraud him. When HUSTON was paying several thousand per cent profit to furniture makers in order to share their improper gains, it was not difficult for him to keep BARNARD working in his enthusiasm, in spite of persistent cutting down in the amount of money paid him for his work. Sculpture is expensive, and practically all of this money was to go for material. When HUSTON broke faith with BARNARD, the sculptor kept ahead, did everything in his power to raise money in other ways, finally closed his studio and tramped about France collecting curios in order to sell them and fulfil his obligations. The Legislature of Pennsylvania does not meet for two years. Until that time the bitter wrong done to a stimulating and progressive artist, brought to the verge of bankruptcy, without means of proceeding with the big designs contracted for, can not be undone. Indeed, it can never be wholly undone. One step that might be taken, and ought to be taken at once, is for private citizens of wealth to carry out one part of HUSTON's agreement, namely, to buy the beautiful clock, and the statue called "The Hewer," which HUSTON promised to purchase for the State, and the proceeds of which now would enable BARNARD to continue his work and take the chances of receiving justice from the Legislature when it meets. For the mere honor of Pennsylvania, and of the United States, it would seem as if wealthy citizens would hasten to undo, as far as possible, this result of the vast Pennsylvania scandal. We do little enough for art. In this case we might do something for justice.

Stocks and Bonds

IN ADVISING PEOPLE to invest their money, rather than hoard it, the word "stocks" was taken by us in its more general sense, as commonly used not only colloquially in this country, but in leading American dictionaries, in which the very first meaning of stock is made specifically to include bonds. (In England "stocks" mean *only* bonds, but the English usage is not just now in question.) It was a surprise, therefore, to us, to receive a letter from one of our most intelligent and experienced practical students of finance, in which our editorials were treated as if the word stocks had been used in distinction to bonds. For the soundness and interest of this financier's views, however, part of his letter is hereby presented:

"The value and safety of stocks depend upon the ability and honesty of the management of the company, upon business conditions throughout the country, upon the money market, upon rate legislation, and various other factors. On the other hand, really good bonds are affected, as a rule, only by the rise and fall of the prevailing rate of interest and by extraordinary stringency in the money market.

"There may be a small temporary rise in the prices of stocks when the present feeling of depression passes, but the value of stocks was never more uncertain than now, and there will probably be many opportunities to buy stocks during the next year at the present prices.

"On the other hand, first-class bonds will almost certainly go up in value, because money will become plentiful and interest rates will go down. People will want to invest their money in something *safe*. It has always been so in times of business depression. I doubt that I shall ever again see a time when first-class bonds can be bought at lower prices than at present, but I do expect to see many stocks go lower."

We answered this letter, explaining our accord with the writer, but observing that certain stocks, which we named, were safer than certain bonds, which we also named. In his reply the financier said:

"What you say is quite correct. When I referred to bonds, I referred only to what are commonly called first-class or "gilt-edged" bonds, such as city bonds and bonds of railway companies secured by underlying mortgages. Such bonds, as a rule, are classed as legal investments for savings banks, although some bonds which savings banks are permitted by law to buy are

not really first-class, and some which they are not permitted to buy are first-class investments. While no rule can be laid down without making numerous exceptions, I think that the very best bonds are relatively the cheapest investments at the present day."

With all of these remarks we heartily agree. This is an extremely favorable time to make investments, but, as we said in our original recommendation, securities should be bought with prudence and under the soundest obtainable advice. They should be "gilt-edged."

Some of Our Habits

EVERY FOUR YEARS the citizens of this enlightened country calmly declare that as a Presidential election is approaching, times must inevitably be dull. PLATO was of the opinion that the person who is best qualified to be entrusted with power is he who is least willing to accept it. The founders intended such a man to be selected by chosen representatives, without excitement. Not only would the President, by such election, have been generally of larger mold, but the economic depression of every four years would have been avoided, and legislation would have reached a higher plane: MR. ROOSEVELT in his Message postpones tariff revisions, of undoubted need, to a date following November, 1908, on the same now-long-familiar ground. JOHN STUART MILL, in the main a profound believer in our institutions, was one of many to state powerfully that our choice of a President every few years, by popular vote, kept everybody electioneering all the time, and thinking less of principles than of personalities. Among many advantages to be had from the decrease of partizanship there may be hoped a lessening of the needless habit of depression which precedes elections, the choice of better men, and an improvement in the quality both of public and of legislative thought.

From Morgan's Organ

DURING THE ROOSEVELT-PARKER campaign of 1904 the President, in the New York "Sun" editorials, prior to July 13, was habitually condemned. From July 14, 1904, to August 11, 1904, there was a gradual transition. On August 11, 1904, the following appeared:

"THEODORE! with all thy faults . . ."

Commendation thence throughout the campaign became a habit. Since that election similar gyrations have been observed. "What he can not do under the Constitution—or, at least, what he will not be graciously pleased to undertake to do, either under or over the Constitution—has not yet been ascertained." In June last the "Sun" accused the President of "innocence of any adequate appreciation of organized government" and "of indifference or contempt for the restrictions of organic law." Readers of that graceful Wall Street organ have noticed that lately it has been going much too far in virulence for the accomplishment of its end. Also its labors for CORTELYOU will hurt that gentleman's gumshoe efforts for the nomination. MR. J. P. MORGAN must have of MR. ROOSEVELT no good opinion whatsoever.

The Taft Mistake

THAT THE SECRETARY OF WAR would make an excellent President we are more than ready to believe. Once in office, he would get back to his old independence. Nevertheless, the collapse of the Taft movement is due in large part to mismanagement of the Taft campaign. A worse error could hardly have been than the Seattle speech, followed by the Cincinnati deal. In January, 1892, CHARLES P. TAFT put forward this opinion:

"It is a matter of business with Mr. Cox. He cares as little about Republican principles as about the topography of the moon. He does not care for sentiment. His services must be secured if nomination is desired. The result is he has become quite wealthy."

This year his services were secured by those having in charge the Secretary's campaign. In August, 1905, WILLIAM H. TAFT declared:

"It is a condition of affairs—a local despotism—much to be deplored. If I were able to cast my vote in Cincinnati in the coming election, I should vote against the municipal ticket nominated by the Republican organization." We advise anybody interested in politics, who has access to the

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"Citizens' Bulletin" of Cincinnati, to read it carefully. There are few publications as sound and illuminating in regard to what Government is and what it ought to be. This periodical, in one of the issues in which it editorially regretted the Secretary's acquiescence, produced the following from SENECA's "Pilot": "O Neptune, you may save me if you will; you may sink me if you will; but whatever happens, I will hold my rudder true."

Onward

THE AWAKENING in America, regarding the world of beauty, can be seen in detail nearly every week. The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra Association, which has itself used bill-boards in the past, now decides to abandon that form of announcement, at least until the boards shall be so regulated as not to be an intrusive exploitation of all that is ugliest in human taste.

Women and Industry

THE PRESIDENT OF BRYN MAWR, speaking on a topic of unusual import, expressed the following opinion:

"We are now living in the midst of great, and, I believe, on the whole, beneficent social changes which herald the coming economic independence of women. Everything seems to indicate that women will not only make their way into all except a few of the trades and professions, but that they will be compelled by economic causes beyond their control to stay in them after marriage. Already in teaching, nursing, library work, typewriting, book-keeping, telephoning, telegraphing, they are steadily taking possession and driving men before them."

Recent observations on this great topic are as follows:

"The higher education ought to fit women for the single occupation of bearing and educating children, and it is the most intellectual occupation that there is in the world."—President CHARLES W. ELIOT of *Harvard University*.

"The purpose of higher education of women is to give the power of judging men. A college graduate should be able to judge human nature."—Professor WILLIAM JAMES of *Harvard University*.

Although deeply interested in this vast subject, we refrain from settling it offhand. Our only contribution this week is the allegation that JOHN STUART MILL's treatise, called "The Subjection of Women," is the best discourse thus far promulgated on the theme.

The Anarchist Congress

A DELEGATE assures us that reports in the American newspapers of the proceedings of the recent Anarchist Congress in Amsterdam were sensational and untrue. In our search for light on the Anarchist mind, let us turn, then, to the pages of EMMA GOLDMAN's journal, "Mother Earth," for snapshots of some of the chief figures in the conference:

"ENRICO MALATESTA, the senior of the Congress . . . his eyes glowing with the divine fire for the revolutionizing of mind and body."

"R. DE MARMANDE, *révolutionnaire* and true *bohème*, jovial, full of esprit . . . Revolution, to him, is the great liberator, the joy-bearer."

"HENRI FEISS-AMORÉ, the Belgian . . . hot-headed and impulsive . . . he necessarily proved a failure in everything that required system and self-control."

"BROUTHOUX, the type of working man who has helped to make revolutionary history—intelligent, daring, and uncompromising."

"DUNOIS, from Switzerland, and CHAPELIER, a Belgian . . . the former too democratic to appreciate the real value of the individual; the latter too sectarian for a universal movement."

Children these. What business have they to fling themselves against the dull conventions of a fat world? Their resolutions contained these sentences:

"We hold that most terroristic acts . . . are the results of the profound impression made upon the psychology of the individual by the terrible pressure of our social injustice. As a rule, only the noblest, most sensitive, and tender spirits are subject to such deep impressions as manifest themselves in internal and external revolt."

Could our newspaper reports have excelled this official documentary expression from the movement's very heart?

A New Road to Forgiveness

II

Scene, Pittsburg. Date, a pleasant day in Spring, 1906. Persons involved, a Pittsburg millionaire, his wife, his wife's French maid, and his big young son, home from Yale for the Easter vacation.

THE MAID—Oui, Monsieur, it is true I love your son John.

THE SON JOHN—Yes, father, we can not do without each other.

THE FATHER—Then out of my house, both of you. (*The Mother weeps.*)

III

Scene, Exposition Park, Pittsburg. Date, November 28, 1907. Persons present, a Pittsburg millionaire and 11,500 other spectators of a football game between Pennsylvania State College and Western University of Pennsylvania; also players, substitutes, and coaches. One minute before the game ends, the coach of W. U. P. sends in CAMPBELL to take the place of MOHL on the team. There is a forward pass, a fumble, the ball rolls behind State College's goal, and CAMPBELL falls on it for a touchdown. Game ends with frenzied cheers from W. U. P. partisans. More cheers for W. U. P. coach than any one else. Coach is millionaire's son, who married the French maid.

MILLIONAIRE (jumping up and down in the grand stand, then throwing his hat in the air as he beckons his son to his side)—Boy, you have made good—come back to Thanksgiving dinner with us.

Note—It is all true as well as beautiful—see the daily papers of November 29 and 30 and December 1. Before now we have tried to invest our comment on the season's football with something more thrilling than mere word pictures of "TAD" JONES's silent prayer before going into battle or McCORMICK's bull-like rushes. Only now, however, has the material in hand seemed adequate

Hard Luck

BITTER AT TIMES is fate. One of the best Governors now holding office anywhere in the United States is GEORGE EARLE CHAMBERLAIN of Oregon. A passing brick, apropos of forest reserves, which we intended for the Governor of Wyoming, reached the excellent executive of the other State. Governor CHAMBERLAIN is too much of a philosopher to object; but, our own feelings will be appreciated by all who have ever had to blush for equal carelessness. Our consolation is in the pleasure of saying that this Democratic Governor of a Republican State is just the kind of man who ought to be in public office.

Activity in St. Louis

THE STATE BOARD OF HEALTH of Missouri recently revoked the licenses of three physicians, and other cases were held for further examination. The gentlemen thus put out of business included the great advertising cancer specialists, on whom it at one time became our painful duty to cast the light. In the Missouri Board's activity there is occasion to rejoice.

The Value of News

WE NOTICE a news article in the New York "Press," quoting a "well-known local druggist," to the effect that a certain drug "always ruins the sale of the numerous patent-medicine rheumatism cures, kidney cures, etc." Very nice. The "Press" deserves much credit for its "news." In the "Evening Mail" of New York we read another news article, beginning with Massachusetts Hospital Experiments with regard to consumption and soon introducing the claims of a patent cough cure. In the Boston "Post" an article begins by discussing the value of a National Board appointed by the Government to investigate cures, and then recommends a certain concoction in the preparation of which a minister of the Gospel declares the Heavenly Father and the Holy Spirit took the leading rôles. These big news items doubtless appeared in other papers. In giving credit to the journals which fell under our notice we have no desire to wrong the rest.

The Airship Menace

BEFORE MOTHER SHIPTON rode her broomstick over into the land of certainties, it is said that she prophesied the coming of both the submarine and the airship. Why did she not foresee some effective check on the airship as a modern army asset? *La Patrie*, the French War Department's airship, before escaping the other day, picked up its half-dozen men and changed its station from the capital to Verdun, one hundred and eighty miles nearer to the German frontier, between 8:45 in the morning and 3:45 in the afternoon. The craft covered the three hundred kilometers at a speed of more than twenty-five miles an hour without stopping for a fresh supply of gas, and maintained an elevation generally above one thousand yards. Now, the best provision so far made against the dirigible as a destroyer of fortifications and a menace to bodies of troops is the German armored automobile, and that can disable an airship only if it flies lower than 1,000 yards. Militant-minded Europeans are wrinkling their brows. Mr. TAFT, urged by the officers of our Army Signal Corps, wants Congress to set aside \$200,000 to begin experiments with dirigibles. The British war authorities believe they are on the way to securing a successful aeroplane, and the mysterious apparatus of the WRIGHT Brothers is being hawked about from one War Office to another. The problem seems to have passed from, "How are we to get our airships up?" to, "How can we make them come down?"

Back to the Farm

A FARMER, reproaching us for remarks on agriculture, relieves his mind, and thus he says:

"If you would give us farmers, and our problems, an article as sensible as you give on most other subjects, it would be appreciated. The press generally, and the agricultural papers in particular, have a lot to say about the happy farmer, and the fields of golden grain and singing birds, but this is only one side of the picture. I am reminded of a man in my own neighborhood who works early and late, has an industrious wife, who does all she can to help him; both economical and saving in every possible way, yet this man—after delivering his tobacco crop to market, to be bid on, fifty, twenty-five, and ten cents at a time, by agents of the trust, until they get it up to about five cents per pound—is compelled to leave the farm and go to the city to work; for he has realized nothing for his labor on

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the farm. This is not a theory, but a fact, and it shows the situation in more than this one case, too. The cry now is "Back to the Farm," but when a man toils year after year and gets nothing but a plain living, and other work offers a competence, can he be blamed if he goes at something else?"

"How," asked President ROOSEVELT in his Michigan speech last summer, "can the life of the farm family be made less solitary, fuller of opportunity, freer from drudgery, more comfortable, happier, and more attractive?" And his Message again shows that the matter is constantly on his mind. The question is one with which much of the world's best thought is occupied.

Grass and the Soil

A WIDE-AWAKE CORRESPONDENT, commenting on our recent statement of the poisoning of the soil by grasses, declares that the condition is not one of poisoning but of impoverishment, due to the fact that the grass in parks, as upon lawns, is cut as fast as it grows, and raked up and carted away, thus robbing the lawn, inch by inch, of the material necessary for its further production. He has, however, overlooked two facts. The very first of the possible causes studied by the experimenters in the Bureau of Agriculture was this loss of fertility, which was conclusively proved to have little or nothing to do with the condition, inasmuch as the growth of the tree seedlings would be checked and stunted in soil which on analysis proved to be overloaded with the chemical materials needed for their growth, and, on the other hand, no amount of enrichment of the soil by either natural or commercial fertilizers would overcome the defect and cause them to develop normally. The second fact which our commentator overlooked was that so far from a regular and systematic clipping of the grass being a serious factor in impoverishing the soil, it is the contrary; first because the actual amount of solids contained in the leaves and blades of grass is exceedingly small, something like eighty-five per cent of fresh green grass consisting of water; and in the second place, by the continued cutting, the one thing which does tend to impoverish the soil to some degree, namely the blossoming and maturing of the seed and dry stalks, is completely prevented.

Fertility

AS PRACTICAL FARMERS and horticulturists know, grass which is systematically clipped and prevented from running to seed, or pastured closely enough to achieve the same purpose, will be in richer and better condition at the end of the year than that which is allowed to grow up undisturbed, either as meadow or as wild hay. Grass land which is grazed closely year after year steadily accumulates fertility, while that from which but a single crop of hay is cut in the season will either not increase in fertility at all, unless it contain clover, or gain but slightly. Clover, of course, is one of that wonderfully useful and beneficent group of forage plants, the Leguminosæ—embracing clovers, alfalfa, vetches, cow-peas, and field-beans—which possess the matchless faculty of absorbing nitrogen from the air and converting it into nitrites and ammonia. This would mark them as sufficiently unique; but, to make the situation still more paradoxical, it is only when diseased that they can perform this valuable function, and by deliberately infecting their seeds, or the soil to be sown, with certain well-known bacteria which attack the roots of the clover, even the poorest and most worn-out of soils may be made self-fertilizing, at the same time producing a valuable crop. In short, one of the most interesting and encouraging features of the new soil chemistry is that it enables us to attach an entirely new meaning to the term "fertility." Whereas we were formerly in the discouraging and pessimistic attitude of our correspondent, regarding fertility as a positive somewhat, consisting of salts, nitrites, phosphates, etc., which was continually being drained out by every crop that was grown, we now know that an enormous share of it depends upon the presence and retention in the soil of a sufficient amount of water and a sufficient amount of air, and upon the presence of certain bacteria or other micro-organisms. As the first two of these requirements can be met by a thorough and incessant cultivation and stirring of the soil, and the last by sowing or inoculating the land with the proper organisms, we are coming to the hopeful view that almost any land, however barren and worn-out, may be made fertile by intelligent irrigation, deep stirring, and inoculation.

A Happy Interlude

CLOWNS ARE REPUTED to be melancholy in life. Perhaps it is because their lives are of such deadening monotony. A particular clown, however—one Marceline of the New York Hippodrome—on a certain afternoon discovered that instead of being forced to transform his staid, grown-up audience into children, he had the children there already. Eight hundred strong they were, and all orphans, many of whom had never seen the inside of a theatre or a circus tent. For the boys there were Indians and cowboys

and revolvers; for the girls, sparkling fays and sylphs and wondrous mermaids who vanished beneath real water. And for all there was Marceline—the humble, bedizened knight of laughter. He was a lucky man that day. This clown put into the lives of that throng of orphans a bit of intoxication which had never been theirs, for an orphan is a child who has had no elders to abet him to laugh. Even a man who chooses for vocation to make a fool of himself becomes, under such circumstances, and for the moment, a producer of most valuable results; and perhaps something of this feeling comes to the clown when even two or three children are numbered in his audience.

Newness and Alice

"WHAT IS THE USE of a book without pictures?" queries Alice in the very first sentence of her "Adventures in Wonderland." Evidently English publishers share her feeling, for since the expiration of the copyright on Lewis Carroll's work of immortal nonsense they have been flooding the market with new editions filled with new illustrations. Since Sir JOHN TENNIEL'S drawings in the original edition were made, in 1865, they have gradually become part of the story itself. "Phiz" and CRUIKSHANK did the same service for DICKENS. The original illustrations for "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" are ultimate, and in its own way it is as noteworthy to incarnate for all time a great comic conception as to paint a "Monna Lisa." Other illustrators will continue to employ Lewis Carroll's text with results of perhaps greater subtlety or complexity, but the old friends will never disappear. The same little Anglo-Saxon Alice will wander among her dream-comrades; the same White Rabbit will hurry along his social rounds; the same lacrimose Mock Turtle will sigh out the narrative of his life; the Mad Hatter, the March Hare, and the sleepy Dormouse will linger at their party; the Cheshire Cat will fix us for all time with his bodiless amusement.

The Exact Point

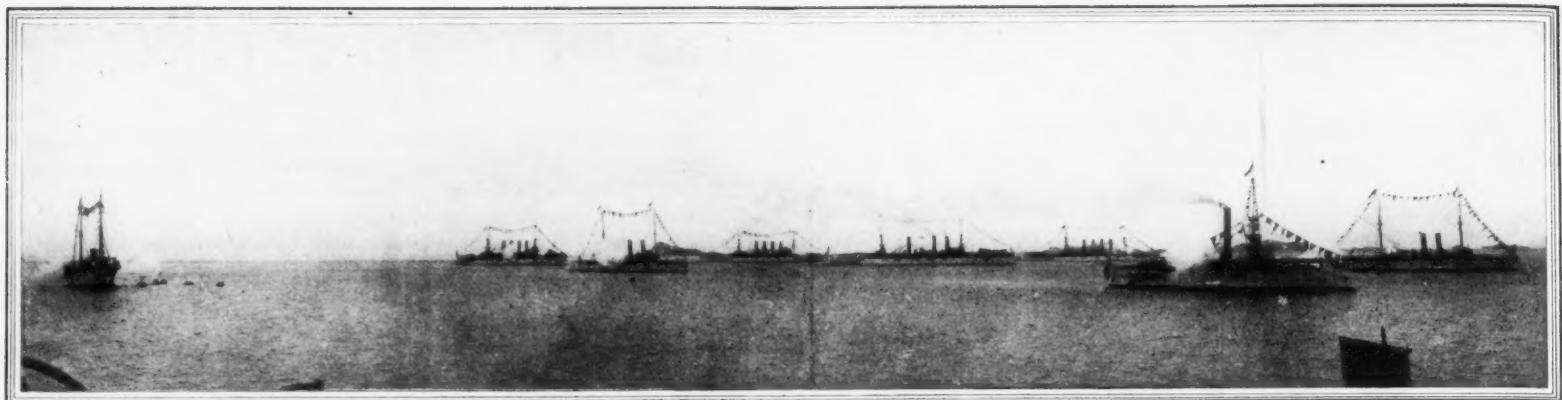
DR. WILEY, chief of the United States Bureau of Chemistry, is effective in his answers to those individuals who have alleged that his industry in securing pure food and drugs was injuring the food business. Says the doctor: "I have no desire to injure any one's business, nor have I any objection to foods being sold under their proper names, but I do object to manufacturers deceiving the public. I have, for instance, no objection to my old friend glucose, but I do object to his being called honey, or—when mixed with hayseed and coal-tar dye—strawberry jam. Legitimate food business can not be ruined; it is only the manufacturers who deceive the public that are hurt by the pure-food laws. . . . This work must continue despite all the protests about 'hurting business,' until all foods and drugs are sold upon an absolutely ethical basis." Dr. WILEY is by no means isolated. He is expressing what is becoming every day a more prevalent opinion. There will always be impurity, but every year is lessening those particular forms of impurity which pose as purity. That complex body called the public is beginning to insist that edibles, whether cough-drops or cereals, shall be represented as what they are. In time, South Carolina cottonseed-oil will not be branded as Italian olive oil; menhaden caught at Eastport, Maine, will not be labeled sardines from Bordeaux; breakfast foods compounded from the rag-tag and bobtail of the grist-mill will cease to be heralded as virgin wheat.

Christmas Feeding

THE LOVE OF FOOD is rife at this season. Thanksgiving and Christmas and New Year's are times of joy, and it seems that when certain nations are happy they eat. From the beginning the zest of the stomach has been a widespread expression at periods of gladness. Jove feasts after a well-hurled thunderbolt; Tom Brown buys baked potatoes and sausages after the football victory. In no way does DICKENS come closer to the heart of humanity than in his constant emphasis on eating and drinking. The love of food is associated in the old English ballads with the love of nature, of women, and of song. In a modern recital of the deeds of Robin Hood we find this portrait of a jolly hermit:

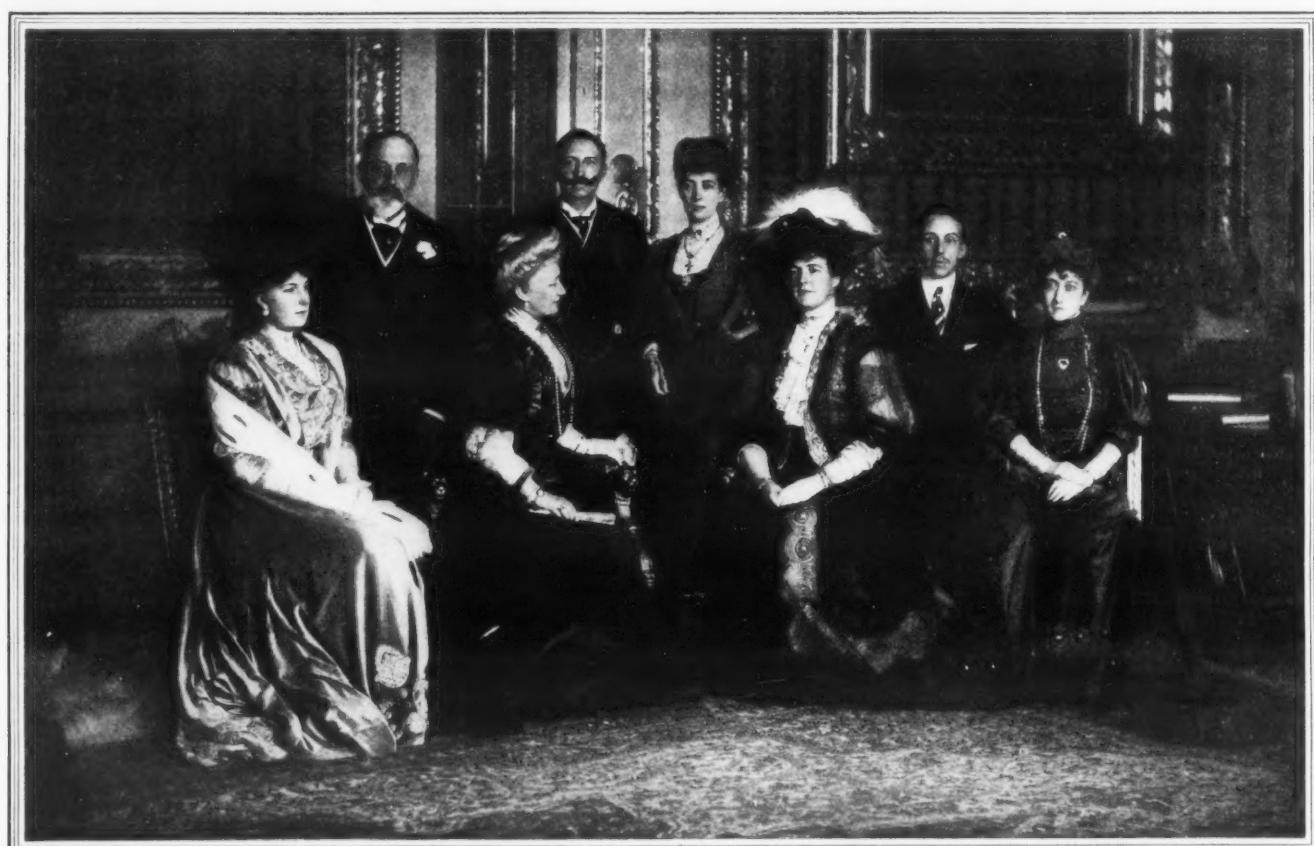
"There sat the Curtal Friar on the bank of the stream. His legs were stretched wide apart and betwixt his knees he held a great pasty compounded of juicy meats of divers kinds made savory with tender young onions, both meat and onions being mingled with a good rich gravy. In his right fist he held a great piece of brown crust at which he munched sturdily, and every now and then he thrust his left hand into the pie and drew it forth full of meat; anon he would take a mighty pull at a great bottle of Malmsey that lay beside him."

At this time of year, in spite of modern science, we are like to emulate the jolly friar. A good old English word, which has fallen into disrepute, is "victuals." In this season of holidays, good resolutions, philanthropy, and mistletoe, no minor part in the festivities is played by victuals.



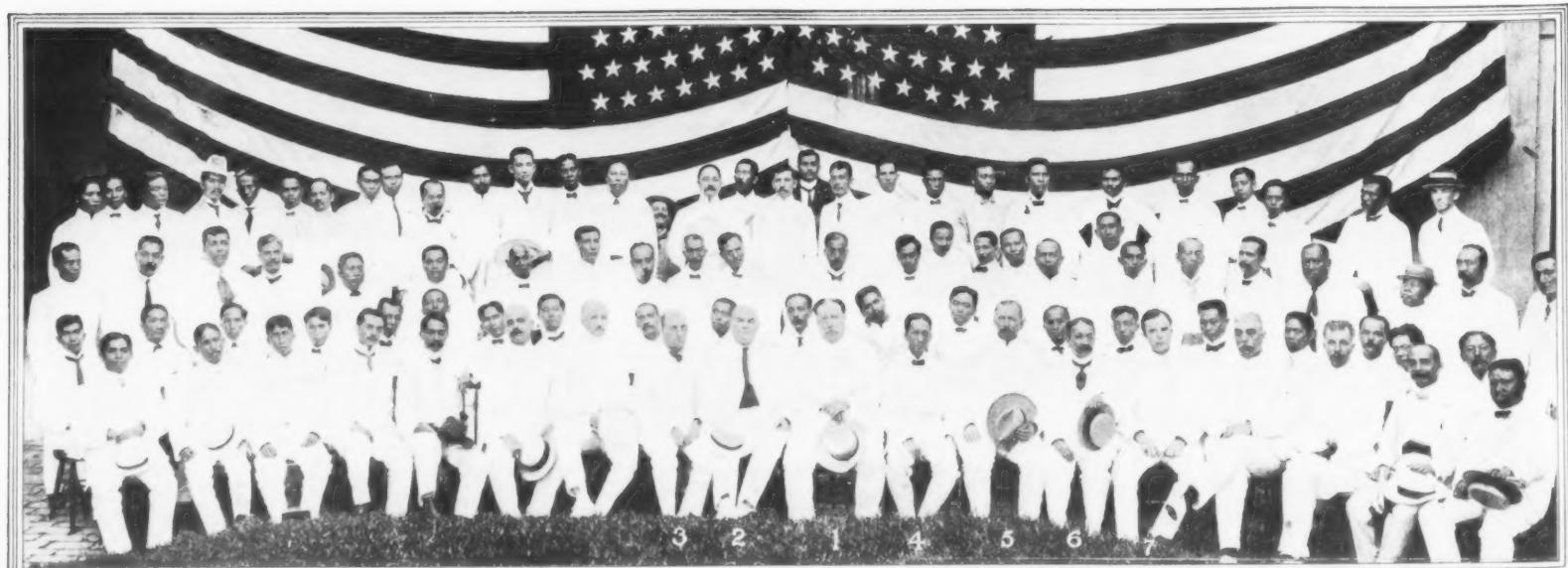
THE UNITED STATES WARSHIPS ALREADY IN THE PACIFIC

Before the sixteen battleships and the six torpedo-boat destroyers were ordered to the Pacific, our Asiatic Squadron comprised the eight warships shown above firing a national salute in Chefoo harbor. Left to right, the ships are: the gunboat "Concord," the 13,680-ton armored cruiser "Maryland," the third-class cruiser "Raleigh," the 13,680-ton armored cruiser "Pennsylvania" (flagship), and "Colorado," the gunboat "Wilmington," and the sheathed cruiser "Chattanooga."



A GROUP OF EIGHT EUROPEAN KINGS AND QUEENS

From left to right: Queen Victoria of Spain, King Edward of England, the German Empress Augusta-Victoria, the German Emperor William, Queen Alexandra of England, Queen Marie-Amelie of Portugal, King Alfonso XIII of Spain, and Queen Maude of Norway. The picture was taken in November, when King Edward entertained at Windsor a notable group of royalties. Besides the eight royalties in the picture, the company included the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Patricia of Connaught, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Grand Duke and Duchess Vladimir of Russia, Prince and Princess Johann of Saxony, the Infanta Isabel of Spain, and Crown Prince Olaf of Norway.



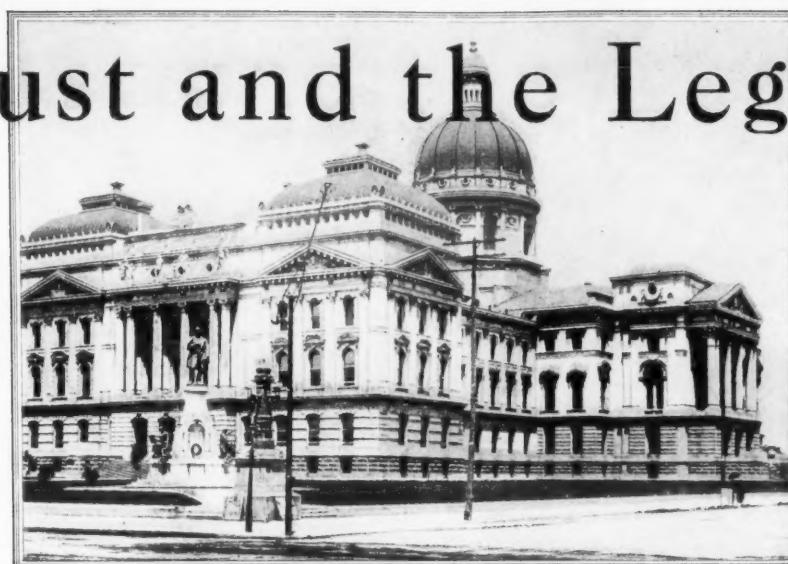
THE PHILIPPINE COMMISSION AND THE NEWLY ELECTED NATIVE ASSEMBLY

The persons numbered in the picture are: 1, Secretary Taft, whose trip around the world was undertaken ostensibly to be present at the opening of the Philippine Assembly; 2, Governor-General James F. Smith; 3, W. Cameron Forbes, member of the Philippine Commission; 4, Seigo Osmena, Speaker of the Assembly; 5, Commissioner Dean C. Worcester; 6, Commissioner Jose Lizardiaga; and 7, Commissioner W. Martin Shuster. The others in the photograph are officials and members of the new Assembly.

The Trust and the Legislature



How the
Tobacco-makers
fought the
Law-makers



The second
of a series of papers
dealing with
some aspects
of the
history of the
American
Tobacco Company

Indiana's State-house, the scene of Baker's activities

FROM the election of McKinley in 1896 until Roosevelt succeeded him in 1901 marked the high tide of commercialized politics. There had been a prolonged period of hard times, for which the Democratic Party was blamed; the Democratic candidate against McKinley was uniquely identified with a policy of currency inflation which would have been ruinous to business stability. Capital and the captains of business rallied to the Republican Party with almost the zeal of fanatics in a holy war. Under the generalship of Hanna, they went deep into their pockets for campaign funds; and with their success came a sense, peculiarly strong, of possession of the Republican Party, and of justification of the use of money to accomplish political short cuts. During the brief era which followed, it is not too much to say, bearing in mind the dangers of generalities too broad, that the large business interests of the country quite generally considered that the Republican party machine, the boss, or the organization chairman, from the national committee down to the county organization, fulfilled the function of a go-between which united them with the dominant Republican Party. There were, of course, many local Republican organizations in which the relation was not corrupt; in very many others it was on a purely commercial basis, of which the case of Quigg, lately exposed, is typical. Quigg was chairman of the Republican County Committee in the largest city in the country; it was that position which made him valuable to Thomas F. Ryan and his associates, who secretly paid him a salary of \$15,000 a year and disbursed through him over two hundred thousand dollars for political purposes.

During this era one of the men most powerful in the Republican Party was Frederick S. Gibbs of New York. It would not be easy to overestimate Gibbs's importance and power. From 1896 until 1900 he was the New York member of the Republican National Committee, and after 1900 he was a member of the Executive Committee, the small inner committee in which rests the final control of the party. Within the party in New York State his power, from time to time, over a period of twenty years, had been paramount. He was a dominating member of the New York Assembly and of the Senate, and once was the Republican candidate for Mayor of New York City. To his political prestige he added a taste in art and social graces which made him the intimate of all the men of power, in business and politics, in New York.

Gibbs's occupation was one for which his personal affiliations and his relation to the Republican machine throughout the country abundantly fitted him. He was not a lawyer, but at No. 1 Madison Avenue he maintained offices and did business with stationery which bore merely the inscription, "Office of Frederick S. Gibbs." Among his employees was Fremont Cole, who to-day occupies the same offices and was Gibbs's successor in the same occupation. Gibbs was the prince of professional lobbyists; his office was the meeting-place for those who take and those who give, and whenever the necessity arose, in one or many State capitols, for promoting or throttling legislation, Gibbs was on terms of captain and lieutenant with the men who could do the work.

Throttling Anti-Trust Statutes

GIBBS kept track of all legislation affecting corporations of high or low degree. "Please send me," he wrote to one of his aids, "a copy of Senate Bill No. 132, restricting the incorporation of trusts and combinations calculated to destroy competition;" and again: "Please send me a copy of Bill 558, introduced on the 25th instant, 'to amend the trust act.'" To his representative in Indiana he wrote this letter:

DEAR SENATOR:

"There seems to be quite an agitation in some States regarding so-called anti-trust legislation. Should any such measures be introduced in Indiana, I would thank you to advise me of it at once, sending me typewritten or printed copies of such bills as soon after they have been introduced as possible. It may be that among the number of such bills introduced, some one of them might affect our

interests. I therefore would like to be placed in a position to know what is going on in this class of legislation, and would thank you to give particular attention to this request.

Sincerely yours,
FREDERICK S. GIBBS."

Of all Gibbs's clients, the one concerning which accident has brought the record to light is the American Tobacco Company. This company has been peculiarly subject to hostile legislation, very often inspired by a sincere and intelligent interest in the public welfare, but quite as often inspired, as in every case where a corporation has established a "yellow dog" fund, by the itch for blackmail money.

The American Tobacco Company was, in the beginning, primarily a cigarette trust. The manufacture of other forms of tobacco was a minor matter, and of cigarettes it controlled over eighty per cent. Against cigarettes there has been, in America, since the beginning of their use, a prejudice which discriminated between them and other forms of tobacco. Partly as a result of this sentiment, and partly, it must always be said, as the result of unsuccessful attempts at blackmail, the books of a large number of States bear statutes which impose upon the sale of cigarettes to minors a penalty greater than on the sale of cigars or pipe tobacco, and in a few cases forbid entirely the sale or manufacture of cigarettes and make it a crime even to possess them.

An Indiana Lobbyist

FOR this prejudice the companies which first made cigarettes in America, those who later composed the American Tobacco Company, have themselves to blame. The body of it lies in the fact that cigarettes are the form which is most apt to tempt young boys to the too early use of tobacco. They are small, they were sold, in the early days, for a cent apiece, or at two for a cent, and the manufacturers, eager to swell their sales, labored to enlarge the vogue of them with boys and young men. To the bad name which cigarettes speedily acquired, the manufacturers added by inserting in the boxes, as premiums to increase the sale, photographs and pictures more or less obscene. Altogether, there was created a spirit of resentment and prejudice against cigarettes, to combat which the American Tobacco Company was destined later to spend, through Gibbs, a great deal of money.

Gibbs's lieutenant in Indiana was O. A. Baker, a man of little character, who, from running a photograph gallery and later a saloon, in Marion, had been sent to the State Senate. His term in that body was brief, and with the ending of it he ceased to have a legitimate occupation. When and under what circumstances he met Gibbs, by what incident his talents commended him to the intimate of corporation presidents, would make a tale for Booth Tarkington, whose service in the Indiana Legislature was contemporaneous with Baker's career as a lobbyist. Be that as it may, Baker lived a more or less dissolute life about the Indianapolis hotels, his sole care to keep on good terms with the members of the Legislature.

During each session there would appear on the calendar from time to time bills which either restricted severely, or prohibited entirely, the sale or manufacture of cigarettes. Some were introduced by sincere and intelligent persons who were shocked at the use of cigarettes by young boys, and wished to prevent it; others were introduced by blackmailers, who knew that the habit of the American Tobacco Company was to fight all these bills, reasonable or unreasonable alike, and wished to be bought off. Not infrequently, well-meaning members from the country districts were made unknowingly to snatch chestnuts for the crafty and corrupt who counted on the "cigarette money" as part of their yearly income. Undoubtedly, the experience of the American Tobacco Company was the same as that of every other corporation that has employed a "yellow dog" fund—the very use of it creates the necessity for it.

A lobbyist does not face with serenity too long a term of idleness. If there is nothing for him to do, he fears the loss of his occupation and his pay. Since resourcefulness and craft are his most prominent qualities, he does not hesitate to create the necessity for his own employment.

Baker was ever on the spot and vigilant. At the

beginning of each legislative session he received a letter like this one, dated December 10, 1902:

HON. O. A. BAKER,
"Marion, Ind.
DEAR SENATOR:

"What arrangement have you made for your winter's work in Indiana? Have you any idea that they will make a fight upon us as at last session? Please let me hear from you as to what your idea of the cost is to be. Our people are kicking at expenses, etc., and I want to get some idea as to the expense.

"Sincerely yours,
FREDERICK S. GIBBS."

Or this, which came at the beginning of another session:

DEAR SENATOR:
". . . I notice that the usual amount of bills are going in at Indianapolis, and I want you to make the necessary arrangements to keep them in committee. I do not want them to get out of there. As requested, I enclose you extra thousand dollars. Better get these checks cashed at once and have the currency on hand in case of necessity. I want you to feel that I trust you implicitly, and if you are successful this winter, I see no reason why our relations should not continue indefinitely. I stand ready to help you in every possible way. . . . I want to be advised at the first indication of trouble, and I will respond to any suggestion that may be for the good of the cause. . . . What I want, Baker, is success, and that I must have at all hazards.

Sincerely yours,
FREDERICK S. GIBBS."

And then, toward the end of each session, when bills were being passed or else finally defeated, Baker would receive a letter with checks enclosed, like this one, dated March 5, 1901:

HON. O. A. BAKER,
"Plaza Hotel,
"Indianapolis, Ind.
DEAR BAKER:

"In answer to yours of the 3d inst., I enclose you—
One certificate of deposit for \$1,000
One certificate of deposit for 600
One certificate of deposit for 500

\$2,100

the amount you said would be necessary to close matters up there. I make it in these amounts so that you can flash them upon the different parties according to their deserts. If you get through there all right, and I have no doubt but that you will, all of us are to be congratulated. While it has been very expensive, far beyond anything I anticipated at the outset, still I have no fault to find with you, as I am quite sure you have done the best that could possibly be done, and as you have been successful, there is no use crying over what seems to be a holdup from the gang out there.

Sincerely yours,
FREDERICK S. GIBBS."

P.S.—Of course, hold to your original determination, and don't give up a dollar to those fellows until the gavel has gone down at the last session."

Baker did his work well. Session after session the anti-cigarette bill was introduced, and, after eddying in committee long enough to frighten the maximum of money out of New York, came to a vote. Year after year a small number of the sincere made frenzied speeches in its favor and, in genuine perplexity, wondered why it didn't pass; year after year the sophisticated veterans saw the grafters vote against it, and smiled. No experienced member of the Legislature took the bill seriously, and all knew the only purpose it had.

The Downfall of Baker

IN the session of 1905, however, Baker fell, by a mistake in the estimation of human nature which all his long experience did not save him from. There was in the Legislature that year another Baker, with the curious first name of Ananias. He was a successful contractor in a small way, from a little Puritan town in the northern part of the State; and he combined the fear of God and the love of glory in proportions which baffled the shrewd judgment of his experienced and wicked namesake. Baker, the lobbyist, called Ananias over to the Hotel English, exhorted him to vote against the anti-cigarette bill, and gave him a sealed envelope. Ananias went to his own room at another hotel, locked the door and put the envelope under his pillow; he says he didn't sleep much, but spent the night in prayer.

The next day came the final vote on the bill. It went its droning way, amid the knowing smiles of the experienced, until the clerk called the name of Ananias Baker. He rose to his tall, bewhiskered height, held the envelope aloft for all to see, told his tale in a voice that trembled and bellowed beyond his control, and, with the light of martyrs and of tribunes in his excited eye, tore the envelope open and ripped therefrom one hundred dollars.

Baker, the lobbyist, was in the back of the room. Within an hour he was on his way out of Indianapolis and out of Indiana, and he has never since come back. In the State-house, the grafters, panic-stricken, fearing the suspicion which would attach to all who voted against the cigarette bill, failed to keep their bargains; and there went upon the statute-books a law so drastic and so badly drawn that everybody treated it as a dead letter and it was soon declared unconstitutional.

Baker's correspondence with Gibbs, which his hasty flight exposed, proved only the details of what, in a general way, everybody already knew. Their interest is human rather than political. Once, Baker became involved in a personal scandal, and the letter which Gibbs sent him is full of naive reflections of their own point of view as to their ethics and their position before the public:

"Hon. O. A. BAKER:
"Dennison House,
"Indianapolis, Ind."

"DEAR SENATOR:

"Yours of the 15th at hand and I have noted contents. I am a little surprised that you make no mention of a private matter of your own, the facts of which have been very conspicuous in the newspapers of late. My own judgment of this matter is that this exposé at this time will very materially injure your standing with the people with whom you are brought in contact this winter. I am writing to you thus frankly because in your last letter you suggest that I make you further advances. This seems a little strange at this time, as two years ago, with fourteen measures introduced, you got along all right with the same amount that I have so far advanced you this session."

"Now, Baker, I want you to be frank with me; you have not been so thus far, and, assuming that I know nothing about this affair, in asking me for this advance, which, until matters are straightened out to my satisfaction, I can not comply with.

"I want you to advise me frankly whether it is your intention to remain at your post, and if, under all the circumstances, you will be able to be successful in our business. My own judgment is you will not be able to serve me as I had hoped you might have done.

"Unless I hear from you promptly, and with the guar-

antee that this scandal will not affect your standing among the people in Indiana, I shall feel it my duty to make other arrangements to take charge of our matters in your State.

"Please let me hear from you promptly, and as briefly as possible. I was to allow you \$30.00 per week for expenses, and to that end I enclose you check for \$120.00 for the four weeks in January. Sincerely yours,

"FREDERICK S. GIBBS."

[Baker was paid \$2,000 a year as salary, \$30 a week for personal expenses, and whatever was necessary for "disbursements."]

"HON. O. A. BAKER,
"Dennison House,
"Indianapolis, Ind."

"DEAR SENATOR:

"I have your two letters of the 18th and one of the 19th, and in reply have to say that your explanations are quite

satisfactory. I simply felt that the publicity given to your private matter might affect your standing with some people, and thereby make it less likely that you would be successful in your winter's work. If that were true, I wanted to know it so that I could send some one on the ground to look after matters."

Again there is in the correspondence abundant evidence of the distrust and bad faith which existed among all the grafters with whom Gibbs and Baker did business. Baker was employed by the year, and when the Legislature at Indianapolis was not in session he used to travel about the country to suppress anti-cigarette ordinances which came up in the smaller cities and towns. He was in Denver several times; and once he received from a member of the city council, on the official letter paper of the "Council of the City and County of Denver," this letter:

"MY DEAR FRIEND BAKER:

"I received your letter with your check for \$250.00. I have been very busy on the New Registration, and this week I have been to Pueblo for three days. I am sorry that I have delayed in not writing sooner and relieved you of the suspense. Yours respt.,

"Everything is quiet here and looks so for some time—in our line."

This letter the Denver Councilman's "dear friend Baker" forwarded to Gibbs in New York, with the following self-revelation penciled on the back:

"Well, he wasn't much reserved this time, was he? Kindly return, please, with former letter and check."

"My first deal at Denver was with a member by name of Golder. After he failed of reelection and the Denver Boards became Republican, lopped him off. He made threats then. I dared him and referred to his telegrams and letters. He quit. I might want to shove Limbeck's communication under his nose, too, in the future, if he should choose to get ugly for any reason."

"Truly, O. A. B."

The American Tobacco Company, in common with the three big insurance companies and other corporations which have seen a better light, has lately ceased the use of the "yellow dog" fund, and in a good many State capitals there are lobbyists out of a job. Wherever, in corporation counsel rooms, intelligence and enlightenment dominate, the effort is to conciliate public opinion and conform to it, not to defy it by strength or evade it by stealth. In the evolution of the trust, the fat fryer and the lobbyist are in process of becoming historical figures.



EDWARD PAYSON WESTON
The sixty-nine-year-old pedestrian who beat his
Portland-Chicago record of forty years ago

Walking With Weston

Glimpses of the aged pedestrian during the last days of his walk and of the crowds that received him

By ARTHUR RUHL

SCENE: Country hotel office in northern Indiana. Representative citizens, members of the "I-seen-him-forty-years-ago Club," etc., draped about the walls, hardly consuming free-burning domestic cigars. In front of clerk's desk several travelers' "grids"; on side wall a Rand & McNally "commercial map of Indiana" and blackboard with "East" and "West" columns for bulletining Lake Shore trains. Through the windows view of street—down which the November wind is sweeping dried clay dust—Masonic Hall, post-office, various "sample-rooms," a grocery store offering that inland exotic "FRESH OYSTERS," farm wagons in for Saturday afternoon shopping hitched along the curb, the honest horses already assuming the fur-rug aspect appropriate to the rigorous Middle-Western winter.

FIRST REPRESENTATIVE CITIZEN—An' because Rockefeller and Morgan an' some men of that stamp who have the power an' can get the money together an' cause a panic—just because The-o-dore Roosevelt makes those pirates abide by the law, and punishes them for violating the law—(loud burring of telephone on clerk's desk interrupts speaker).

CLERK (short, stout, bald-headed, with an expression of great benignity. Glances significantly at audience, with evident satisfaction in the power reposing in his hands, and in tantalizingly inaudible voice murmurs, "Hello!)—That you, Elmer? Yes, O—he did, ay! Left Edgerton at eight-thirty—Yes—(street door opens and inquisitive citizen begins with "Is that feller that walks"—but is stopped by a chorus of "Ssh-Ssh," and wild gestures for silence. I. C. tiptoes in and joins audience). Expects to pass through Butler at ten-thirty—Yes. Then he'll—Yes. I should think he'd ought to—Yes. About one o'clock (puts hand over receiver and, leaning forward, announces impressively: "He'll dinner at Waterloo!" then resumes telephone). Only an hour, ay? That'll bring him here—(looks up at map, whereupon the distance-

experts gather beneath it and endeavor to find Kendallville and Waterloo). Will he take the South Road? Probably will, ay? Yes. Well, he ought to reach here—Yes—O—Yes—Just sixteen miles—Yes, easy! Good-by, Elmer (turns benignly toward audience and pulls contemplatively on extinct cigar, prolonging mystery as long as possible).

FIRST REP. CIT.—I thought Jake Seecomb said he stayed at Waterloo last night?

CLERK—O he told you that, too, did he? That's what he told John Hart! He'll tell that all over town before night. He always knows such a hell of a sight, Jake does (fusses about desk, obviously restraining himself with difficulty from exploding on a favorite topic). You can't tell him anything! He remembers when Buchanan was elected! He won't believe the print in a history book! He come in here this morning and says: "Well, I see Weston stopped at the Kelly House in Waterloo last night. When d' you expect him in here?" I said: "Jake Weston did not stay in Waterloo last night. He ain't expected in Waterloo until noon to-day. He didn't get into Edgerton until eight-thirty this morning." "How the hell d' you know he didn't?" Jake says. I says: "I just talked to the operator at Waterloo, and I guess the chambermaid wouldn't have no reason to lie about it." "Don't you ever read the papers?" Jake says. "They got it here in the Kendallville 'Sun' Weston slept in Waterloo last night."

"Printer's ink, Jake," I says. "Printer's ink. That's cheap. You oughta know that." "Well" Jake says, "he had supper at Bryan last night. He musta got as fur as Waterloo!" I says: "Don't y u know, Jake, that some blink-blanked, half-baked reporter wrote that? Printer's ink! that's all that is, Jake, printer's ink!" (Voice from audience: And blink-blanked demmycratic printer's ink at that!)

SECOND I. C. (opening street door)—How about that feller that's walkin' to Chicago?

CLERK (kindly, as one talking to a child)—He left Edgerton at eight-thirty this morning. He'll dinner at Waterloo. (Returning to forensic style.) I got up the operator and asked him would he repeat what he'd

said, and I says: "Jake, you just come over here now and listen to what this operator says." And he come over and listened. "Now are you convinced?" I says. And all he'd say was: "Hell, I was only tellin' you what I seen in the paper." And then he walks out and tells everybody Weston slept at Waterloo!

SECOND I. C.—I seen that man when he come through here forty years ago! (Centre of interest at once shifts to newcomer.) I seen him walk through this very street. Old man Reed walked in with him from the county line. He went with a kind of a rack. Like this (hunches up shoulders and executes curious waddle across hotel office). They was two sorrel horses with him, pullin' his wagon. They'd expected to keep 'em with him for a couple of days. When they come through Kendallville they'd only been out a day an' a night and by gum they could hardly beat 'em off a walk.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELER—(enters from dining-room, picking teeth nonchalantly): I see the price of prunes is goin' up! D'you read this? (Hands clerk copy of Cleveland paper containing cartoon of grocer shoveling out prunes out of barrel, under heading "Demand for prunes is something fierce!" and below, "Pedestrian Weston certainly left his mark on Cleveland as he passed through this week, dropping a few remarks about walking to work and eating prunes at every meal. If you don't believe it, ask," etc., etc.)

SECOND REP. CIT.—I understand he says prunes is the secret of long life!

C. T. (brightly)—But what's the use of living long if you got to eat prunes! [Exit rapidly, charmed audience catching tantalizing start of anecdote about man who saved shoe-leather by taking long steps.]

[This with slight variations is repeated all day. At 2 P. M. on post-office window is pasted following bulletin: "Waterloo, 1.30. P. M. Edward Payson Weston arrived this city 1.10 P. M., feeling well and hearty. Expects arrive Goshen midnight, Sunday, Goshen. Leaves here for Kendallville 2 P. M. by South Road, probably." Main Street becomes almost crowded—farm wagons, knots of men and boys, the town girls promenading two by two. At 4.15, just as

twilight is closing in, clerk's telephone rings and the great news comes at last: "Weston's only four miles off. Just crossed the county line!"

HE CAME like some imp of darkness, marching up a beam of blinding light out of the night. We had waited for half an hour—a young farmer with a lantern, who had joined me as I came out from town, and I—and were about to turn back when, behind the hills into which the road disappeared, a dusty glow became perceptible, waving back and forth across the skeleton trees. It neared with painful slowness, tied as it was to that tiny two-legged thing, scrambling forward at its foot; swung out over our heads, a straight searchlight beam from under an intervening rise, and a moment later, as the automobile came over the hilltop, blazed down at us its two white dragon eyes.

Half-visible in this glare was Weston. The shadows of his legs, giants on stilts, stalked ahead, a huge racing car purred and blazed just behind him, and we could see the curious, jerky rolling of his shoulders and now and then the steam of his breath against the white light.

"I'd like to get a look at his face," said the young farmer. "My father saw him forty years ago." On he came, zigzagging across the road for the smoothest going. In the stillness of the country in this theatrical glare of light we began to feel the responsibilities of a receiving party.

"It would help," said the young farmer, "if we knew just how to address him." I was casting about whether to step gallantly forward with outstretched hand and say: "Good evening, Mr. Weston, I have come eight hundred miles to meet you!" or merely to present arms, as it were, beside the road and yell an inclusive "Congratulations! Yay! Yay! Yay!" when a megaphoned Faffner voice belied out of nowhere: "Stand aside, men! To the right, please! Keep ten feet behind Mr. Weston!" These commands were seconded by a brisk youth carrying a lantern, who bundled us off the road and into the grass. We heard a querulous old man's voice say: "I can't see! I can't see a thing!"—Weston told me the next day that he was so sleepy he didn't notice us at all—and a nervous figure in loose jersey tights, muddy boots, with leather leggings, gray coat spattered with mud, hurried past.

Thus we received Weston. And thus we hurried on through the dark for the lights of Kendallville. From time to time out of the darkness appeared lanterns and faces, and the tired old man, lifting his arm stiffly, like a marionette, raised his cap, and without looking round hurried on. And all the way the great racing car purred at his heels, flaming, flaunting, insolent, yet—with a sort of tolerance, as of the new age for the old—barely creeping—as one might walk behind a scrambling beetle.

THE next time I saw Mr. Weston he was anything but an imp of darkness. He was a lean and leathery old Yankee, with beady bright eyes, white hair, drooping white mustache and bright complexion, in bed in a red flannel nightshirt. It was a mild Sunday afternoon. The young men and their girls were buggy-riding, the little boys out walking in clean collars and their biggest and brightest bow ties—a quiet, homelike day, when one would expect to find an old gentleman of sixty-nine surrounded by his respectful and solicitous descendants and all the comforts of home. This weary old gentleman was alone in a chilly hotel bedroom, in a shabby hotel bed, with shabby clothing and with dusty baggage littered about and a chambermaid peeking through the keyhole of the door. But the old salamander was more than satisfied with himself. He had done more than a thousand miles in twenty-three days. Chicago was within striking distance, he was perfectly fit, and he was on the eve of his greatest day.

"Who suggested this walk?" he said. "Edward Payson Weston suggested it. This country leads the world in everything else. Well, I wanted to show that it leads in sixty-nine-year-old athletes, too! I've been wanting to do it for ten years, but of course the significance of this year is that it's the fortieth anniversary of my other walk."

"Training? Don't believe in it. Never trained but once—that was for a week in England—and it nearly killed me. I believe in a man living temperately and sensibly—ought to be in training all the time. I walk from Forty-second Street down to Wall Street every morning of my life. I'm not a teetotaler—I like some claret with plenty of ice in it with my dinner in the summer—but I seldom drink spirits. You've got to depend on your own strength in a thing like this. You might as well learn that first as last. Why, the first week out I thought I was going to have pneumonia one night—I'd been walkin' all day in the rain—and I certainly was tempted to take a good long pull of

whisky when I came in that night. But I didn't, and the next day I walked it off.

"You can walk almost anything off—walk off colds and dyspepsia and blisters on your feet. My friend"—here Mr. Weston began to stir his feet under the covers—"if you'll pardon my indelicacy, and if I do say it myself, there's a pair of feet a man's got a right to be proud of!" The feet emerged from under the blankets. They were indeed very excellent feet. Not an abrasion or blister, nothing but smooth callous and muscle; as practicable implements almost as a good pair of hoofs.

"Just as soon as I get in," said the old gentleman, "I pickle 'em. I put 'em in salt water—it keeps 'em hard. Then I lie down flat so that the blood will get distributed back where it belongs—that, and sleep and plenty to eat, is training enough for me. And yet I haven't got enough sense—I wrote a story of my life once and I called it 'The Autobiography of a Damn Fool.' Why? Because that's what I am. Why, I made \$45,000 with my legs the first year I went to England and I had to borrow money to get home. The other day there in Clyde, Ohio, what do I do but go an' eat a bowl of clam chowder. Now, you wouldn't believe that, would you? Of all the indigestible things in the world, clams are the worst, and I eat enough—as much as you would eat. Well—I was so sick I practically lost two days. I'd be in Chicago forty-eight hours ahead of my old record if it hadn't been for that.

"It's wonderful the interest people take and how kind they are! The same everywhere, all along the

and then threw back his head and let loose one of the strangest cackling hoots ever emitted from human throat. He accomplished this hoot every block or so; apparently a sort of professional "business" to amuse the crowd and convince them he was feeling fresh.

"You'll make it all right!" shouted a man. "All you want is nerve!"

"No," squawked the old gentleman. "What I want is the hind leg of a mule! I'm hungry!" And then he would take out a little whistle, which he carried in his back pocket, and blow for the boy George and impress upon George the importance of having some vegetable soup ready when he got to South Bend. This vegetable soup became a sort of obsession as the day went on. George failed to provide it at South Bend, and the old man kept thinking of it all afternoon, and after dark, as he began to get tired and irritable, he would whip out the whistle every mile or so, call up one of his wholly irresponsible boys, want to know what on earth they thought they were paid for, and if, by jing, when he got to Laporte he wasn't to find that vegetable soup.

In great spirits we swung into South Bend with police and firemen and half the town to meet us. Weston slid into a bed, in his clothes, the *enfant terrible* wrapped his feet and legs in newspapers to keep them warm, a barber—"a good barber, a fine barber," declared the jubilant old walker—shaved him as he lay there, and at twelve-ten he was up and away again.

As we got into the real country children came out of the schoolhouses to stare at the wonder, and once a crowd of little girls, with their empty lunch-baskets, ran along beside us for a quarter of a mile. The old man was delighted and had one take his hand.

"Anything prettier in the world than that?" he asked, as they finally left us, waving their good-bys. "And yet there's a lot of young skunks hangin' along Broadway this minute just waitin' for them to grow up so's they can take a crack at 'em!"

New Carlisle, fourteen miles away, is on a slight hill and the road leads straight up to it, and we could see the people waiting for us more than a mile away. It looked exactly as it might were we an attacking army and the New Carlisle waiting behind a barricade. Weston swung through without a pause. Some wanted to know when he was "goin' to turn loose," evidently having heard of the spurts that he amused himself with on his walk in '67. But there were no spurts—just the steady pound-pound, straight on, four miles an hour. Darkness closed in, a few scattering drops of cold rain hit

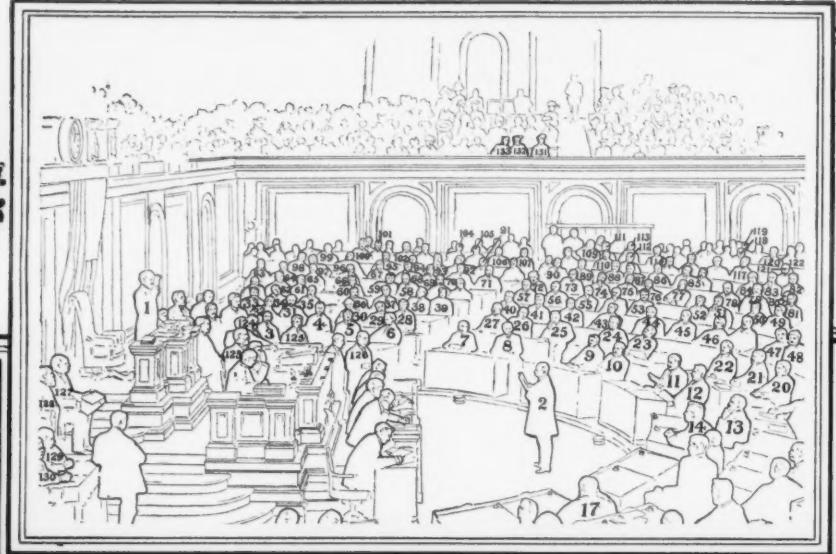
our faces, a piercing wind began to whistle across the empty fields. From time to time out of the blackness twinkled farmhouse lights, then the sight of folks at supper and then the welcoming faces at the side of the road. But the old man never turned an eye—"jest lifted his lid an' hiked on." For seven solid hours and more, it was hayfoot-strawfoot—hammer, hammer, hammer, down the hard highroad.

I had a wretched cold that day, and the last ten miles to Laporte were one continuous sneeze. Otherwise I was fit enough, and yet, after thirty-three miles the more piercing shrieks of my system for exercise certainly began to be hushed. Weston had covered seventy-two miles when we reached Laporte. At nine o'clock he was out in the cold and off again, and he was pounding on toward Chicago hours after the writer of these lines had sunk into ignoble sleep. They sent him several miles on a wrong road, but before he would finally lie down he had put himself more than twenty miles nearer his journey's end. Since the preceding midnight he had covered ninety-five miles. And this was done, not as a detached and supreme "stunt," but after walking continuously for twenty-one days at an average rate of sixty miles a day. Beside the courage that will drive a lone old man in one day over ninety-five miles of country road, the courage of our football heroes—drunk with excitement and playing before thousands in an atmosphere fairly crackling with every stimulus to fearlessness and physical gallantry—becomes mere child's play.

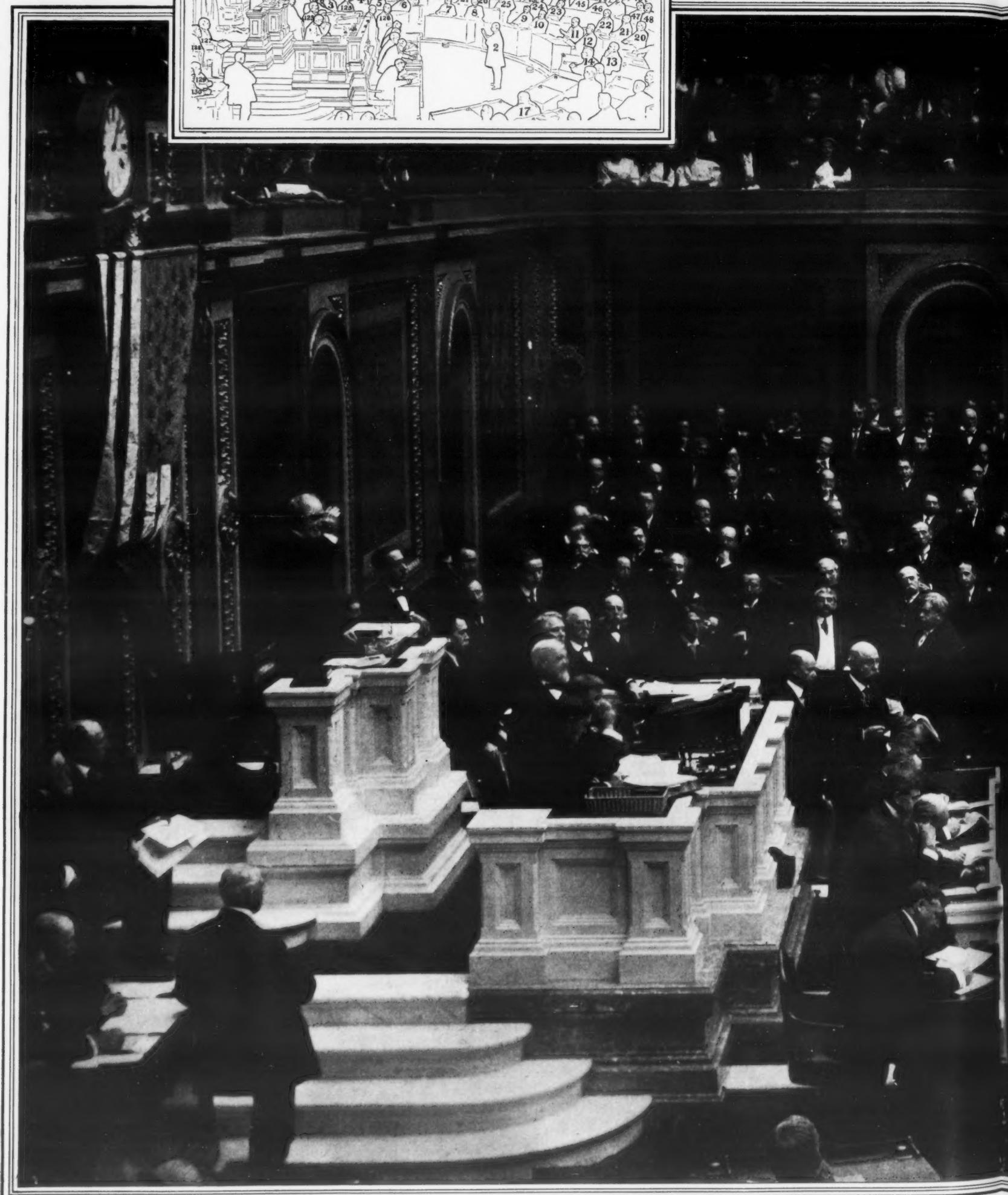
Weston's determination did not endure for two thirty-five-minute halves. It endured for twenty-four days, through snow and rain and mud and sickness. He had nothing to stimulate him by day except the greetings of those along the road; he turned in at night with no care except that supplied by the quaintly irresponsible boys he had hired to look out for him. But he beat his record of forty years ago, walked over 1,300 miles in 24 days and 20 hours. He showed what a "sixty-nine-year-old athlete" could do, and made the whining about getting "old" so often heard from youths only a few seasons away from their eleven or crew merely a confession of their own laziness and self-indulgence. It was an achievement that ought to help every man who finds himself ready to give in to cold or hunger or fatigue and cheaply admit man's helplessness. These are big things, but an Idea and a man's grit and fighting spirit are big things, too, and in any sort of a fair field they will go a long way.



Weston's arrival at Chicago, November 27. Preceded by small boys and the police, the old pedestrian finished his 1,300-mile walk from Portland, Me., to Chicago in less than twenty-five days



The Opening 60th Cong.



ending of the Congress



1 J. G. Cannon, Ill.
2 H. H. Bingham, Pa.
3 W. S. Greene, Mass.
4 E. W. Roberts, Mass.
5 H. C. Loudenbarger, N. J.
6 W. P. Brownlow, Tenn.
7 J. G. Beale, Pa.
8 W. C. Lovering, Mass.
9 R. O. Howes, Pa.
10 J. S. Sterling, Ill.
11 J. J. Jenkins, Wis.
12 P. P. Campbell, Wis.
13 A. L. Brick, Ind.
14 Llewellyn Powers, Me.
15 L. R. Sherwood, O.
20 I. W. Wood, N. J.
21 C. A. Kennedy, Ia.
22 W. H. Graham, Pa.
24 Chas. G. Washburn, Mass.
25 C. N. Fowler, N. J.
26 J. B. Perkins, N. Y.
27 E. C. Chipman, Pa.
28 E. A. Higgins, Conn.
29 W. H. Draper, N. Y.
30 N. D. Sperry, Conn.
31 Julius Kuhn, Cal.
32 F. H. Gillett, Mass.
33 J. E. Andrus, N. Y.
34 D. F. Lafear, Pa.
35 Wm. B. McKinley, Ill.
36 F. D. Currier, N. H.
37 H. McMoran, Mich.
38 G. A. Loud, Mich.
39 A. L. Bates, Pa.
40 A. B. Capron, R. I.
41 W. P. Hepburn, Ia.
42 S. W. McCall, Mass.
43 J. F. Burke, Pa.
44 A. F. Cooper, Pa.
45 D. J. Foster, Vt.
46 J. A. T. Hull, Ia.
47 G. C. Morris, Neb.
48 F. D. Murphy, Ia.
49 Wm. Lorimer, Ill.
50 Edward Madison, Kans.
52 Jas. M. Miller, Kans.
53 J. M. Reynolds, Pa.
55 Geo. E. Waldo, N. Y.
56 T. W. Bradley, N. Y.
57 F. M. Nye, Minn.
58 J. C. Needham, Cal.
59 S. C. Smith, Cal.
60 J. W. Fordney, Mich.
61 E. S. Holliday, Ind.
62 G. H. Gwinnes, W. Va.
63 Ed. W. Doubt, Mich.
64 H. W. Purkin, N. J.
65 B. F. Howett, N. J.
66 Jas. Kennedy, O.
67 E. L. Taylor, O.
68 Paul Howland, O.
69 J. F. Laning, O.
70 W. A. Thomas, O.
71 Cyrus A. Sulloway, N. H.
72 J. J. Gardner, N. J.
73 Capell L. Weems, O.
74 W. A. Calderhead, Kans.
75 J. W. Alexander, Mo.
76 Jesse Overstreet, Ind.
77 J. H. Foster, Ind.
78 Jas. S. Sherman, N. Y.
79 J. W. Weeks, Mass.
80 Herbert Parsons, N. Y.
81 H. T. Bannon, O.
82 Victor Murdock, Kans.
83 W. M. Hodder, N. Y.
84 W. A. Koden, Ill.
85 C. L. Knapp, N. Y.
86 H. A. Cooper, Wis.
87 T. S. Butler, Pa.
88 M. E. Driscoll, N. Y.
89 Nelson P. Wheeler, Pa.
90 C. E. Fuller, Ill.
91 G. E. Mouser, O.
92 John E. Harding, O.
93 A. J. Volstead, Minn.
94 Nicholas Longworth, O.
95 E. A. Hayes, Cal.
96 J. R. Kinnard, Cal.
97 G. E. McKinley, Cal.
98 W. F. Englehardt, Cal.
99 B. G. Dawes, O.
100 A. J. Barchfeld, Pa.
101 C. E. Littlefield, Me.
102 Amos L. Allen, Me.
103 Jas. Barclay, Pa.
105 Jas. McLachlan, Cal.
106 E. F. Acheson, Pa.
107 Joseph Howell, Utah.
109 Chas. III., ex-M. C.
110 C. R. Davis, Minn.
111 Gen. T. J. Henderson, ex-M. C.
112 Walter I. Smith, Ia.
113 W. W. Cocks, N. Y.
114 W. Gardner, Mich.
117 W. W. Foulkrod, Pa.
118 G. W. Cook, Colo.
119 J. J. Conner, Iowa.
120 W. H. Andrews, N. Mex.
121 Philip Knopf, Ill.
122 J. Van Vechten Olcott, N. Y.
123 Alex. McDowell, Clerk of the House of Representatives.
124 John Chancey, Special Employee of the House.
125 Bert W. Kennedy.
126 Reuel Small, Reporter of the House.
127 Alfred H. Hoads, Clerk at the Speaker's Table.
128 Sir Courtney, Baronet, Clerk to the Speaker of the House of Commons.
129 Henry Casson, Sergeant-at-Arms of the House.
130 L. White Busbey, Secretary to the Speaker.
131 Mrs. Roosevelt.
132 Miss Ethel Roosevelt.
133 Mrs. Longworth.



An Accidental Saint

The Conspiracy of Circumstances, and how it affected the Genius

By CHARLOTTE WILSON



"IT'S no use, Max." She hesitated, with a frown of distress. Then, in a small, futile voice: "I'm sorry."

"Why?"

"Why am I sorry?" Her laugh was rather tremulous. "Because you're a nice boy, Max." She put out a hand toward the bent curly head, then withdrew it unnoticed.

The young man looked up, lifting blue eyes of a certain sturdy sweetness. "No," he said, "why is it 'no use'? You don't need to tell me why you're sorry. I understand that perfectly; don't feel bad about it. You see, I want to talk it all out, no matter what it comes to; and if I can stand it, you ought to be able to—oughtn't you, Emily? Hit as hard as you like; I'm after the truth. Maybe I can change some things. Why is it no use, Emily?"

The girl got up. She was a tall young creature, slim as a boy in her loose-belted blouse, with clear eyes wide apart, and a great deal of bright hair. Something in her delicate and yet vigorous make-up struck an unusually definite note.

"Then let's walk," she said. "We'll talk it out as much as you like; but I can't talk here. Aunt Em's personality pervades this house like an atmosphere. I might as well be hypnotized. And—I've got to be myself in this case, Max." She looked up at him with an inconsistent sweetness of appeal. "It's an awful undertaking to be yourself," she said.

"I've never wanted you to be anything but yourself," he said, with rueful masculine bewilderment, taking up the argument as they walked side by side in the spring sunshine toward the park. "It's you—youself—I want."

Emily squared her shoulders and drew a deep breath. She was desperately in earnest now, with the desperate earnestness of nineteen.

"I don't want you to hate me, Max, but I'm going to make you. It's the only thing to do. I'm going to tell you exactly how I feel, and show you how selfish, and cold-blooded, and unfeminine, I really am. Oh, I have other phases, of course—phases that make it hard enough for me to show you my real, dominant, fundamental self. But it's the honest—it's the square—it's the *manly* thing to do. It's the only thing that will make you get over it quickly."

The young man smiled back at her. "Well?" he said, "you might as well begin. You're to uncover your hidden enormities, and I'm to hate you. It sounds simple enough."

"You needn't laugh," said the girl, "it's going to hurt you like—like everything. You think you have only to combat a whim of mine; but it's the eternal verities you're challenging—the abysmal depths of personality."

The young man looked grave. "I thought I had that on my side," he said, after a pause.

"You might have, if—" she stopped, her brows drawn together. All about them the sward shone with the green light of a jewel; the squirrels frisked from bough to bough above them; the air was strangely potent with the vernal smell of the warm, moist earth. It was a hard moment to look implacable facts in the face.

"If what—?" prompted Max at length, his blue eyes hanging upon her look.

"Max, it comes to this," she said at last, decisively. "I suppose you know I'm ambitious. It may be wrong, but I can't see it that way; it's the law of my being. And—you think I am a genius, Max."

The young man assented dumbly, his eyes never leaving her face.

"Well, I don't know," said the girl, digging the tip of her parasol into the spongy sward, "but, at any rate, I'm horribly talented. We'll admit that much. And, besides, I can work—can't I, Max?"

Max nodded, rueful worship in his eyes.

"Yes, I have the capacity for work; my worst enemy would grant me that. And I'm tolerably strong, for a

girl. Where my music is concerned I don't tire easily—physically, I mean. My mind never tires. Max, I have the essentials of ultimate success."

Max nodded loyally, as one who admits his own defeat.

"Then I must succeed. Why, only think how few have them—talent, and spiritual energy, and physical strength! There's something in the very bottom of my soul that tells me I must use them. If I turned aside to something else, it would be as if an arrow refused to go where it was shot."

After a silence the man spoke gently. "Do you love me, Emily?"

The girl looked at him, her eyes misty, frank, defiant. "Not yet," she said.

"I see," said the man, looking at the ground. "And you've made up your mind not to let yourself." He was silent, pondering sombrely.



That night Emily filled the house with music.

I love cake, too, as much as anybody—but I know I can't have it. And, oh Max! I know you're a *dear!*"

The man sat with his hands resting on his knees. "I guess you're right, Emily," he said at last. "Even if I had a good deal more money than I have—"

"That has nothing to do with it," interrupted the girl positively. "Don't you see that it's the human ties that do the binding? A woman marries, and she straightway becomes the centre of a spider's web of responsibilities, and duties, and opportunities, that didn't even exist before. Why should she complain? She knew—she made 'em. If you were as rich as Cresus, it would be the same. Besides, you will get rich some day, Max—as fast as an honest man can."

Max looked up at her with a momentary eagerness. "And that wouldn't make any difference—the fact that I ought to be able to give you a good deal of leisure—of opportunity?"

She shook her head. "I must not start my spider's web," she said determinedly. "I'm willing to play fair—to accept conditions. An athlete, getting ready for a race, doesn't tie himself so that he can scarcely move, and then rail at fate because he is defeated. Fate has nothing to do with it." She stood up, her straight young figure, deep-chested, with narrow hips, unconsciously poised as if for vigorous effort. She forced herself to smile down at his grave, dejected figure, and to speak lightly. "Emily's at the training-table," she said, shaking her head at him. "Emily can't have any cake."

He got up, smiling at her, and tried to answer the rainbow sweetness of her mood. "Shall I take it out of her sight?" he suggested.

Emily shook her head. "Not unless you choose—unless it's better for the cake," she answered. "Emily likes to look at it." Her eyes rested for a moment with a look of great sweetness upon his own. Then she added with bright decisiveness: "But Emily has will power—quantities of it."

As they walked home together, the man rather silent, her mood suddenly changed.

"I'm a horrid precocious creature," she said, with acute dissatisfaction. "The lovable thing for me to do would be at least to fall deeply in love and tie myself up for life, even if I had to awake to rebellion and disillusionment afterward. Such astuteness as mine isn't becoming to a young female of nineteen. But just look at my experience, Max! I don't remember drawing a breath that wasn't supervised by Aunt Em. No, I'm not ungrateful, though I know I seem so. I know it's Aunt Em's practical ability, and some of Aunt Em's money, and all of Aunt Em's devotion, that have got me what 'advantages' I've had; and I know it's the same things that are going to take me to New York in the fall. But if she could have given me these things, without requiring in exchange my immortal soul—oh, well, I know I'm being horrid. She really didn't whip me this morning—she only moved my beautiful old Beethoven from the place over the piano to make room for a picture of a little boy saying his prayers in his nightshirt, that Mrs. Tinkle gave her for her birthday. I try—you know I try—to be and do what Aunt Em wants me to be and do, while I stay at home. But is it any wonder that I want—that I'm determined to have, eventually—the right to be myself?"

"And you insist that I would develop the absorbent qualities of your Aunt Em?"

"Now, Max, that's a childish question. I don't mean to say you would interfere in the same way. But look at Katherine, for instance. Of course, she's happy—Dr. Engelmann's a tobaccoey old angel—but where's her music? And she was as talented as I am—sometimes I used to think she was more so, and almost envy her. And you know how Dr. Engelmann worships her voice—how ambitious he was for her? He was as proud of it as you are of my violin. And one would have thought he would be able to keep it from being swallowed up by domesticity, if anybody could; for he's a musician—and you're not. Yet, with the babies, and the small salary, and the faculty duties—yes, I know Katherine's happy; but she's eating her cake. When I get to Europe, and am doing the things we used to dream together, then—poor Katherine! Oh, she won't say anything; and she'll know that she wouldn't give up her babies for all the triumphs in the world. But, all the same, she'll die with a regret in her heart—a belief in what she might have done under other circumstances. Ted and I are going to do our regretting first, and have our—cake—afterward."

The man looked at her quickly. "Then Ted thinks—"

"Oh, don't blame Ted," interrupted the girl. "He



She was a tall young creature of nineteen

Charlotte Mardon '97

Charlotte Mardon '97

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likes you, Max—better than anybody, almost. And he wasn't prepared to advise me very strongly. Still—" "Well?" prompted Max, after a moment.

"Well, we understand each other, Ted and I. He didn't think me quite a monster."

"I don't think you a monster, Emily," said the young man with a sigh, and speaking as if he were voicing a decision he had been slowly reaching. "I only think you are fatally capable of carrying out the plan you have made for yourself."

"Fatally capable?"

"For me—yes."

The girl looked away quickly. But almost instantly she looked back at him. "I am," she said. "But—softly, 'there's Rachel.'"

"Emily!"

"Forgive me, Max! But Rachel is an interesting person! And I've always thought she rather liked you."

He did not answer at once. Then, "I didn't ask you to suggest a substitute," he said. And at the gate they parted, he hurt and angry, she a little pale and distant, making no effort to comfort him.

THAT night, her beloved violin under her chin, Emily filled the house with her music hour after hour. She had taken off her collar and tossed it aside; her hair curled in little rings about her forehead and neck. Hour after hour she sat before her music-rack, or paced the little room, her straight figure tense, her rounded, nervous arm, bare to the elbow, striking out the chords, drawing out the long, singing tones, wrestling with intricate bowings. Finally she laid aside her études, and, still walking up and down the room, swept softly into a Beethoven romance. Then her aunt appeared at the door.

"It's time you were going to bed, Emily," she said insistently. She was a stout, pink person, with a provisional air of having progressed thus far through a hostile world only by the exercise of great sagacity and caution. She was a bitter foe to heat, cold, sun, rain, and the natural forces in general. "It's after ten o'clock. You're practising too hard; you'll wear yourself out. You know you practised three hours this morning. Besides, your father's gone to bed with a headache."

"Just a little longer, Aunt Em," said Emily, in a certain determinedly bright voice she had, through the thin surface of which the natural irritability of interrupted genius not infrequently pricked. To-night it pricked through rather more sharply than usual. She was—or had been, a moment before—deep in the spirit of the wonderful thing she was playing. She had never before been able to play it so nearly as she felt it.

"Be sure it's a very little longer, then," said her aunt, with a different kind of sharpness—the sharpness of the unthanked person whose duty it is to control obstinate relatives for their own good. "If it were anything but your health, Emily, I wouldn't interfere. But I can't allow you to tire yourself out."

"I won't, Aunt Em. But I can tell when I'm getting too tired, you know."

"No you can't. You haven't the faintest idea about it. Your ambition carries you away."

"Well—just a little longer."

Emily's bow swept away again; and her aunt, after lingering uncertainly in the door for a moment, turned away with rather a harassed, unsatisfied air.

Emily whipped out the long notes like velvet ribbons; but the spirit had gone from her. In the middle of the romance she stopped and let her elbow drop to her lap, her cheek still resting on the warm wood of her violin. Her figure drooped a little; her eyes had an absent, introspective look. Suddenly she jumped, at a touch on her shoulder. She looked up quickly.

"You, Ted?" she said, and put up a welcoming hand to him. "You've just come from work?"

"A little while ago. I stopped on the porch to listen. The little fiddle was talking to-night, Sis." He looked keenly at her fair, flushed face, with something of the exaltation of the music still upon it. "Anything in particular happened?"

She got up, and going to her violin-case, wrapped up her instrument carefully and laid it away. Then she turned back to him. "Let's go out on the porch in the dark," she said, "and cool off a little. I'm drenched."

"Put on that kimono-thing, then."

"Oh, I'm going to. You're as bad as Aunt Em. And all the while, I'm a perfect miser of my strength—I'm even ignobly prudent. I wouldn't really overdo—and injure my working ability—for worlds. But Aunt Em can't be persuaded that I know more about my own feelings than she does."

Her brother laughed indulgently, as, arm in arm, they went out into the balmy darkness behind the vines. They seated themselves side by side on the steps. He put his arm about her, and she drooped against him.

"You are tired," said her brother presently, after they had sat silent a moment. "What's happened to-day to make you so docile—and to set you to playing as you did to-night?"

For a little while she was silent. Then she said, looking away, and speaking in an odd voice that tried to sound careless: "I've renounced the 'obvious human bliss.' Didn't the Fiddle tell you?"

"Oh." He spoke gravely and was silent, absently stroking the silken band on the sleeve where his hand rested. "So old Max—" He felt some slight movement and paused, finally taking up a new thread. "I hope I didn't—exert any decided influence, Sis. I wouldn't like to think—"

"Don't think, then—good old Teddy," she said, after waiting a moment for him to finish. "If you've done anything—and I can't tell whether you have or not, I'm such an abominable barometer of a creature—you've only steadied me to follow my destiny. I think you've probably done no more than to counteract Aunt Em. In which case, I'm inclined to think I've acted entirely of my own free will and accord."

need not put anything anywhere unless I choose, that's a mere detail. And Dad—but he's not a detail," she added, her face sobering.

"I don't see how you can leave him," said Rachel, sitting down on the side of the bed.

"He will miss me," said Emily. "But, after all, he has his books. And Aunt Em takes the best of care of him. And he wants me to go. If he didn't—"

"You're trying to persuade me that you have a heart, Emily," said Rachel, her face more literal than her tone.

Emily went over to her and stood beside her. She tucked a straggling wisp of Rachel's black hair behind her ear, a little awkwardly, as a boy might have done it. "What's come over you, Rachel?" she asked, with the odd briskness emotion was apt to bring into her soft young voice. "You used to like me."

Rachel raised her black eyes to the other's face with a dogged, yet defiant loyalty. "I told you that I hate you," she said. "You have so many good things that you have to throw some of them away. And you do it as easily as you would a pair of worn-out gloves. And I hate you because I want to be like you—and can't. I—I can't even refuse what you've left over!"

"Rachel!"

"Oh, he told me all about it; besides, I'm not blind. Oh, I could shake you, Emily Miller; you don't know what you're throwing away! You're too young to know."

"I'm as old as you," retorted Emily in a strained voice.

"Oh, in years, yes—but really I'm ages older. I haven't lived in a sheltered nest like you, Emily. I'm old enough to know the value of a good man's love." Oh, I know it's all trite and commonplace, and that if I had the courage of my ambitions I'd do just what you are doing. What's to become of my career, I'd like to know? With the right stimulus, I could go as far as you will, Emily."

Emily sat down rather weakly in the nearest chair, her eyes troubled, her lips brushed by irrepressible amusement. "But how am I to blame?" she asked. "I haven't asked you to abandon your ambitions."

Rachel got up abruptly and went to the window, where she stood looking out, her back to her friend. "If I do take it—the thing you threw away," she said

in a muffled voice, "you won't mind—will you?"

A quick contraction passed over Emily's face. "Why should I?" she asked, presently.

At length, as the other neither turned nor answered, she got up with a sudden determination, and crossed impulsively to her friend. She stood behind her, putting her arm around her, her cheek against the unruly hair. "Of course, I won't mind," she said convincingly. "Wouldn't I naturally want you to be happy? I may not have any natural affections, but at least I'm not actively malevolent."

The other spoke without turning, in a low, reluctant voice. "I wouldn't sacrifice it for all the careers in the world," she said with slow defiance. "I don't know why I'm angry with you—because you won't sacrifice your ambitions, or because I'm going to. But your serene, inhuman concentration of purpose is enough to provoke a saint, Emily."

"Maybe," said Emily slowly, "maybe it's possible for you to have both, Rachel. Your work isn't like mine; one can write at home, if she has leisure and—opportunity." She was hardly conscious that she was using Max's words. "On the other hand, if I succeed, I shall have to be constantly moving from place to place—constantly in the public eye. There—you needn't be sarcastic," she hastened to add. "Emily understands that she will be very lucky to get into the public eye, and she's not complaining."

"Why should she," said Rachel pleasantly, "when she's following her own inclinations?"

"Well," said Emily quietly, "it wouldn't be very logical."

THREE years later Emily hurried up the path leading to the front door of the quiet, shabby little home she had quitted. There had been one or two other home-comings since her departure; but never one like this.

For all her hurry, the girl paused a moment at the door, as if to steady herself, or to steel her nerves. Her aunt, hearing her step, came to the door, and, at sight of her, began to cry. She had the look now of one whom the hostile forces of life, so long distrusted, have at last struck down and vanquished.

"How is he?" was Emily's first question, as her aunt released her from a tremulous embrace.

"About the same," answered her aunt piteously. "The doctors say he will always be—about the same."

"Where is he?"

Her aunt led the way, and, without stopping to re-



She still had her brighter mornings for Ted

Charlotte Haze

move her traveling-hat, the girl followed her to a room at the end of the hall. She opened the door softly, and a young man turned a thin face, with deep, pathetic eyes, at the sound.

The girl was on her knees at the bedside. "Ted—oh, my Teddy!"

"You shouldn't have come, Sis," he answered in a weak, reproachful voice, husky with gladness. "You shouldn't have left your work—and you making such tremendous progress, too!"

"Work!" said the girl, rising energetically and shaking back the tears. "I are my work, Teddy."

So the new order began. During the three years Emily had worked hard. She was poor, late in starting, with defects of training to overcome, but she was indefatigable, extremely talented, and, above all, intelligent. From the first she had easily extricated herself from that swarm of the merely hopeless who crowd about the approaches to any art, and had been quickly marked as promising. Gradually she had become distinguished among her teachers and fellow students as one of the fortunate ones equipped and destined for ultimate success. It had taken patience, money, and time. And then, when she was just on the eve of realizing, by her own efforts, her dream of European study, came the cruel news that her brother, hurt in an accident, would never walk again. Ted, himself on the ascending rounds of his ladder of the future, would never walk—or climb—again.

Emily, beyond a general feeling of the pity of it—a sort of impersonal grief for her thwarted striving—was scarcely aware that she made a sacrifice. Her change of plans seemed as inevitable, as little of her own choosing, as the accident itself. Ted was nearer to her than any living thing.

Her gentle old father had long been practically an invalid, nursed and cherished by her Aunt Em's anxious care. But this time she found her Aunt Em herself sadly broken. One by one the threads of the household activities found their way into her hands. And, with the increased expenses of Ted's illness, and her aunt's diminished energy, the inadequacy of the family funds soon became distressingly evident. Then it was that Emily fitted her up a little studio and began to take pupils. She still had her bright mornings, her cheery noon-hours, her long evenings, for Ted.

"If only—great heavens!—if only you didn't have to teach!" said Ted to her, with the passionate mourning look in his eyes, one night soon after the change. "You—with your genius and your musician's nerves—to teach!"

"But, boy, I like it! To-day I asked little Leonard Otis what the bridge was, and he answered triumphantly, 'the Bridget!' He's a dear, square little boy, with more talent for the paternal shoe-business than for the violin." As Ted's attempted smile was so forlornly inadequate, she added very gently: "You know I've always got on with children, Ted. I love them—even the square ones, with no music in their stubby little souls. Besides, I haven't got musicians' nerves or any other sort."

The answer was a heart-sick groan, and she went over and knelt beside him. "Boy," she told him, "I'm thankful I can teach. Not a moment of my preparation has been wasted. Why, I can always get more pupils than I want; and it's such an inexpressible comfort to have a reserve force like that. It's my 'prestige,' you see, that makes it all so easy. Only think—suppose you needed things, and I had no money to get them! Besides, I can make ever so much money: we'll go to Europe yet, you and I. I will study, and you can help me by letting some of those big specialists I'm investigating amuse themselves by tormenting the poor old back."

It was two years later that another complication was added.

"I've got to have them," said Emily one night to Ted, as she sat beside his reading-lamp. The shadow of grief was fresh upon their faces. "There's nobody to take them—the blessed babies! Hilda has a houseful of her own, and Dr. Engelmann has no other relatives. And Kathie had only us; it would be like doing something for her—the only thing there is left to do. It's not Hilda's place to keep them; it's mine. And I'm going to have them."

"Why is it your place, Emily?"

"Because I have none of my own."

Her brother turned his face to the wall and said nothing.

SO the two little people, Katherine's motherless children, came to them; and the little household fell into its new shape readily enough. Emily had theories about the bringing up of children, as she had about most things, and she began at once to put them into practise. Emily was twenty-six now. Little Kathie proved to be merely a dear little girl, addicted to dolls and by no means indifferent to mud-pies; but Emily soon discovered in the boy an extraordinary talent for music. She taught him with passionate care, and every day her hopes for him took deeper root in her heart.

Such roots take years for the growing, and the years passed over Emily's head. One day a motor-car stopped in front of the office-building in which Emily had her studio, and a woman, with a striking, rather peevish face, wearing a shabby skirt and handsome furs, alighted and stopped to study the directory. Then she walked past the elevator, with a resentful look at the boy—as if he were personally responsible for the physical discomfort such contrivances caused her—and began to climb the stairs. As she did so, the notes of a violin came down to her, exquisitely finished and perfected, playing a simple little exercise. There was a pause, and then the angelic sounds were succeeded by a small squeaky counterfeit, evidently a child's effort to reproduce what it had heard. Another pause, and then the performance was repeated. Finally she reached the door, which was slightly ajar, and paused an instant, looking in. A tall young woman stood in the centre of the room, eager, absorbed, and before her

stood a stocky, stolid little boy, incongruously clutching a diminutive violin.

"That's better! But your boat doesn't rock quite smoothly—does it? Listen again, now, how my boat rocks—just as steady, and even—as the little waves themselves! Can't you see the boat rock—and hear it?" As she talked she played the little exercise. In the midst of it she saw the woman standing in the door, watching her with dark, direct eyes.

"Rachel!" she cried after a bewildered instant; and the friends were in each other's arms.

"So this is what you've come to," said Rachel at last, after the first confusion of question and reply. "It's dear little studio, Emily; but to think of you, teaching, and here—in this out-of-the-way stronghold of the Philistines! And I haven't done any better."

"I don't see why you say that," said Emily. "I've read things of yours now and then, and they were good—really good."

"What's magazine poetry?" said Rachel contemptuously.

"Why—it's a beginning, for one thing. Some of these days you'll—what's the professional slang for it—arrive?"

The other got up and went to the window. "I shall never arrive anywhere in particular," she said presently.

"But why not?" asked Emily, in amazement.

"I'm made that way," said Rachel, with a short little laugh. "I can never do anything unless I'm alone-free. I shouldn't have married. I've never had any time since for anything, except just to be married. I'm not the temperament that does things in spite of distractions. You are, Emily: I shouldn't be surprised to hear of you yet as a celebrity, in spite of all this conspiracy of Fate. You ought to have married, Emily. Then your burdens would at least have been your own."

Emily was a little pale. "They are my own," she said quietly. And I'll never be a celebrity. But Ted—Kathie's Ted—will be. You ought to hear him, Rachel!"

"Oh, we dreamers of dreams!" said Rachel, with a softened face. "Poor Kathie—and poor Ted! Do you know, we hadn't heard of it—I can't imagine why. It must have happened while we were in Europe; though even then—but to think of your having to come home! All our ambitious little coterie—all so sure that we were the 'masters of our Fate!' To think that Max, who talked the least about it, should have been the only successful one of us!"

Emily winced a little. "Is Max with you?" she asked.



Illustration by *Emily discovered an extraordinary talent for music*

"Oh, yes; he came on business. It's always business. Here it's the new capitol, you know. He considers it rather a big thing, I believe."

"So Max got it," said Emily, her face alight with pleasure.

"Oh, yes," said Rachel flippantly. "Max gets most things he goes after; I never knew him to fail but once." Then at sight of Emily's face she laughed, and added relentlessly: "Yes, Max has gone in for money-making, and I've gone in for society. Don't you think I have in me the making of a society leader, Emily?"

WHEN Emily reached home that afternoon, she found Ted bursting with his news. For had not Max, their old, beloved Max, been that day to see him? And had he not looked so strong and distinguished and efficient that it made one's heart glad to look at him? And had he not perceptively announced that he was coming back that evening to see Emily? At sight of Emily's face, when he repeated the announcement, Ted turned his eyes away and affected not to see. And when, after supper that evening, he heard Emily pacing restlessly up and down the gallery, he turned the eyes of his mind quite as resolutely away from Emily's—that

mind he could read as easily as he read Emily's face. Emily paced the gallery. She had put on a white dress; her figure was still deep-chested, narrow-hipped. It was even thinner than in her girlhood. If she looked less than her thirty years, it was not because her face was wholly unfined. Still, it was quite a lovely face.

Still Emily paced to and fro restlessly. It was a wild, sighing night, though warm; a night of fitful winds, and hurrying clouds that troubled the moon. A figure came up the sidewalk, stopped to open the gate, came up the walk. Emily held out both her hands, and the man who took them noticed that they were quite cold.

"Emily!"

"Max—what a formidable person you've grown! Why, Max!—how you've developed!"

Max sat down on the top step. "Did you think I was not going to develop? Did you think I was going to remain forever the dumb, adoring cocoon you used to know?"

"Max—you know I'm not reflecting upon it in the least! You know I liked it. It was such a handsome, manly cocoon!"

"But still a cocoon—as your generous adjectives show. They are as vague as they are generous, Emily. You always thought of me in general terms."

"You're terribly—definite—now, at any rate," she said slowly, looking at him. "I couldn't describe you now in generalities."

"Don't describe me at all," he returned. "Describe yourself."

"I?" she answered, returning his gaze, her clear eyes shining. "I am what you see. I'm Emily, aged thirty. That's all."

"And I knew—or thought I knew—Emily, aged nineteen." After a moment he asked, with a strange, wistful gentleness: "Where is your career, Emily?"

She did not affect to misunderstand him. Her eyes were wet, but steadfast. "I am a useful member of society," she said. "Ted—my big Ted—is almost happy when I am with him. He's very wonderful, Max. And Aunt Em, though she doesn't approve of a single one of my outward manifestations, is convinced that I mean well. And Dad thinks I am rather nice. And Ted—little Ted—is going to astonish the world for me."

The man looked at her—a long, patient, hopeless look, whose brooding sweetness abode with her long afterward. "It was such a tragically stupid cocoon, Emily!" he mourned at last. "There: I'm not going to say anything you won't like—at least I don't think I am. I wouldn't have believed nine girls out of ten, Emily, if they had talked as you did. But you seemed so sure of yourself, so reasonable, so aware of the price

you had decided to pay. You really convinced me that day, not that you were a 'monster'—remember, Emily?—but that you really did put achievement before everything. I thought you lived in too rare and cold an air ever to be touched by my merely human love and need, Emily," he laid his hand upon a ruffle of her dress, lying on the step beside him, and begged like a mournful child; "why didn't you tell me you were only a saint?"

"I'm not a saint," she told him with energy, though the tears stood on her lashes. "I'm only decently human—anybody would have done as I have. Haven't you learned yet to face plain facts? Listen—it is like this: I've thought it all out. You remember my old talk about 'burdens'? And how I high-handedly elected to dispense with them? Well, there are always more than enough to go around. But the brave, reckless people go ahead and make some more; and their burdens are at least their own."

She was hardly aware that she was echoing Rachel's speech of the morning—so familiar, though she had repudiated it, was the thought. "But the selfish people, and the timid, and the shirkers, refuse to create new burdens; so Nature says to each one: 'Very well, here are some extra ones. I was just wondering what to do with them. Everybody else is busy. You are the very man I'm looking for.' And so, he shoulders them, and—at last—understands."

"If he is a woman—and a saint," said the man, who had never taken his eyes from her face.

"Little Ted—" began Emily resolutely.

"Emily!" his low voice shook her. "That's the oldest consolation under heaven! You would have had the same if—"

Emily looked him in the eyes and met the issue at last. "If he had been my own?" she said bravely. "Yes—I know." And she sighed.

The sigh, with its quiet finality, brought the man to himself. "Forgive me, Emily," he said, "I ought not to have said such things—to a saint." He smiled at her reassuringly, and began at once to talk to her of harmless, familiar things, and of the plain work of the vanished years. And presently, with quiet words of sympathy and friendship, he left her.

Afterward, as she still sat on the steps, Ted called her. He made a pretext of requiring some small service from her, and watched her anxiously as she went about it, his great eyes wells of pure longing to be of use to her in her moment of extremity, as she had served him through many an hour of dire need. And at last his mute eyes drew her, and she went and knelt beside him, and comforted him a little by crying on his breast. At last, when she was quite still, he asked gently: "Did little Ted have a good lesson to-day, Emily?"

"Yes."

"That's good."

"Yes."

"Good night—dear."

"Good night, Teddy."

Collier's

What the World is Doing

A Record of Current Events

Edited by

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT



President and Congress

EVER since Theodore Roosevelt entered the White House and began, in his masterful way, to regulate the affairs of the universe, there has been an undecurrent of hostility to him in Congress. Always heretofore the open manifestation of this enmity has been suppressed by the Congressional consciousness of the President's enormous popularity. Scores of the Republican members of the last House owed their seats, and knew that they owed them, to this Roosevelt hold upon the people, and to nothing else. The Sixtieth Congress meets under somewhat different conditions. There is a feeling, amounting to hope, if not to belief, that the Roosevelt popularity has abated. Hostility that formerly lurked in the grass now ventures to show its head. The Presidential recommendations that once would have had almost the force of commands are now ignored or resented. There is an element in Congress—how strong the next few weeks will determine—which would reject a measure simply because Mr. Roosevelt advised it.



Senators Kean, N. J.
and Nelson, Minn.

It is this state of things which gives peculiar interest to the President's latest message. It helps to explain the portentous length of that document, although Mr. Roosevelt has always had a weakness for copious dissertation. This is not an ordinary message, giving Congress information about the state of the Union. It is an *apologia pro vita sua*, addressed over the head of Congress to the people and to posterity. It is a compendium of Roosevelt doctrine, which the lawmakers may ignore if they will, but which, if they do take that responsibility, will stand as an inexhaustible storehouse of future "I told you so's."

The message had to take notice of the financial crisis, upon which the President's enemies are trying to fasten the name of the "Roosevelt Panic." Of course, Mr. Roosevelt does not admit that he incited Heinze to try to corner United Copper, that he loaded up the Knickerbocker Trust Company with unmarketable securities, or that he used the funds of the Borough Bank of Brooklyn in private speculations. By long quotations from his previous writings he shows that while condemning corporate wrongs he has always been careful to emphasize the good in our business life, and to recommend such measures for the benefit of corporations as could be adopted without public injury. He increases that emphasis now, because the obvious present necessity is to promote confidence by showing the people that "malefactors of great wealth" are not the typical figures in American business life. He asserts with justice that "as a rule the business of our people is conducted with honesty and probity," and that "this applies alike

to farms and factories, to railroads and banks, to all our legitimate commercial enterprises."

The President urges the public to stop hoarding money, and to keep it in sound banks—advice needed even more by banks than by their customers, since some of them have been found to be hoarding cash to the extent of over half their deposits. He pleads for good combinations of capital, which are now put by law on the same plane with the wicked trusts, but he insists that in tolerating harmless combinations in interstate commerce they should be subjected to strict regulation by the National Government. As an example of the benefits of Federal activity he cites the working of the Pure Food Law and of the Meat Inspection Law, which, although violently opposed by the interests affected, have proved of great benefit to reputable packers and dealers from the start.

Mr. Roosevelt advises an immediate reform of the currency by providing for an emergency issue "based on adequate securities approved by the Government" and subject to a tax heavy enough to ensure its retirement as soon as the need passes by. No more definite proposals are offered and probably none would be accepted. Congress has shown a determination to prepare its own currency bill this year without instructions either from the White House or from the Treasury. Mr. Fowler of New Jersey has been reappointed chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency, although it was said at first that he might be dropped as a punishment for criticizing the Treasury's relief measures. Mr. Burton of Ohio has been appointed a member of the committee and is expected to represent the Administration's views there, but it is understood that the Senate will be allowed to take the lead in currency legislation, and that the House will merely amend the Senate bill.

The President does not think that this is a good time for tariff revision, but he is not one of those Mad Mullahs of protection who hold that there never can be a suitable time for "tariff tinkering," because when business is bad it ought not to be disturbed, and when business is good it ought to be let alone. He admits that there is a suitable time to revise the tariff, and he sets it in the period immediately following the Presidential election. Literally that would mean in next winter's short session of the present Congress. Presumably the President's real idea is that the matter should be taken up in a special session of the Sixty-first Congress just after the new Administration takes office in the spring. Whatever changes are made he thinks ought to be in complete accordance with the protective principle, although he does indicate two duties as fit subjects for abolition. One is the tax on forest products, including wood-pulp (nothing is said of free paper, so recently promised to the Publishers' Committee) and the other is the tax on works of art.



Rep. Jones,
Virginia



Senator Nixon,
Nevada



Senator
Overman, N. C.

President Roosevelt renews his advocacy of income and inheritance taxes, both graduated and designed not only to raise revenue but to limit the growth from generation to generation of enormous fortunes, and so to "help to preserve a measurable equality of opportunity for the benefit of the generations growing to manhood." He likewise gives his approval to Postmaster-General Meyer's plan of postal savings banks and a parcels post. The former project may secure an unexpected accession of strength from the advocates of waterway improvements. The recent River and Harbor Congress at Washington was strongly inclined to favor a bond issue to raise the hundreds of millions of dollars that would be needed for a complete system of inland waterways, but it was pointed out in the discussions that bond issues were unpopular, and that the money could be found more easily through a system of postal savings banks.

The President has now abandoned the idea of constructing the Panama Canal by contract, which had gone so far last year that bids were advertised for and received.

Now he finds that in the opinion of the present commission, with which he heartily agrees, "the work can be done better, more cheaply, and more quickly by the Government than by private contractors." The Government has already bought or contracted for eighty per cent of the entire plant needed for construction. It has its machine shops for repairs; it has all the men it needs and a recruiting system "capable of furnishing more labor than can be used advantageously." The employees are well paid and well treated "and the work is not only going forward smoothly, but it is producing results far in advance of the most sanguine anticipations." Hence a change "would be unwise and unjustifiable, for it would inevitably disorganize existing conditions, check progress, and increase the cost and lengthen the time of completing the Canal." So optimistic is the President concerning the work on the Isthmus that he even believes that the eighty-five-foot-level lock canal now under way is "superior in every way to a sea-level canal," and this he declares to be the opinion of all the engineers engaged on the work.

On one point of supreme importance the President has made his position unassailable, and whether Congress follows his lead this year or not it will have to follow it sooner or later. The longer it delays the worse for the country and for the reputations of the politicians who stand in the way. That point is the preservation and development of all our national resources. We have had agitations before in favor of saving our forests, of protecting our coal lands, of improving our waterways, but it is the peculiar distinction of President Roosevelt that he has combined all these and many other special movements into one sweeping reform. He has grasped the splendid conception of the harmonious interaction of the entire body of natural gifts that constitute the incomparable



Senator Pacon,
Georgia

heritage of this favored but hitherto criminally negligent nation. Forests, waterways, irrigation, and drainage systems, mines, and cattle ranges all form an inseparable whole. As the French Ambassador, M. Jusserand, told the Rivers and Harbors Congress at Washington, "no forests, no waterways." Equally, of course, no forests, no irrigation and a crippled mining industry. No forests, no water-power, and if the coal and oil deposits are looted no power of any kind, and hence a blight on manufactures.

There is rather a striking contrast between the views the President expressed a year ago on the subject of naval increase and those he advances now. In last year's message he said the navy was large enough, and that all we needed to do was to keep up its strength by building one new battleship a year. Now he says that this is not enough, and that we should provide for four new battleships this year. There is an obvious temptation to connect this change of front with new developments in the Japanese situation, but it is more likely that the cause was the failure of the Hague Conference to do anything toward the limitation of armaments. That omission has been followed by a general revival of activity in navy yards and gun foundries all over the world.

Although our naval energy, especially as manifested in the voyage of the battleship fleet to the Pacific, lends itself with unhappy facility to the mischievous talk of war with Japan, the President loses no opportunity of oiling the waves in that direction. The proposed Japanese World's Fair to be held in 1912 offered a chance not to be missed, and in urging a liberal appropriation for our exhibit the President showers compliments upon Japan. A brilliant American display at the Tokyo Exposition might have an even better effect on Japanese sentiment than a visit from the fleet.

Panic Receding

THE improvement in the financial situation has proceeded so rapidly that the Secretary of the Treasury has decided not to allot more than \$25,000,000 of the \$50,000,000 of Panama bonds advertised, and not more than from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000 of the proposed \$100,000,000 of one-year notes. The increase in the national debt will be trifling, therefore, compared with that the country had to endure in 1894 and 1895.

The call of the Comptroller of the Currency for a statement of the condition of national banks brought to light the interesting fact that the worst hoarders of money were those very bankers who had been lecturing their customers upon the enormity of the offense of locking up the circulating medium. This did not apply to the New York banks, which had used their resources freely and had allowed their reserves to be drawn down far below the legal requirement. But west and south of New York some banks seemed to think that they were best performing their duty to their customers and to the country by absorbing all the cash they could get hold of and keeping it hidden in their vaults while scraps of paper did duty for

money among the people and business gasped and died for lack of the circulating life-blood of trade. Many of these institutions hoarded over three times the amount of money required by law. By sharply cutting off the usual commercial credits they forced perfectly solvent business establishments to close



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their doors and turned thousands of workmen on the streets. A panic is bound to cause more or less discomfort, but for whatever prolonged distress has followed the pinch of October these stupid and selfish banking methods are largely responsible.

A New Japanese Ambassador

A RATHER untimely change in the Japanese representation at Washington disturbed delicate nerves in the first week in December. It was announced on the 2d that Viscount Aoki, the Imperial Ambassador, would go home for a visit. Coming just as the American fleet was about to start for the Pacific, this announcement created a momentary sensation. Some people, especially in Europe, compared it with the recall of an Ambassador before a declaration of war. But the prompt appointment of Baron Takahira as Viscount Aoki's successor made it entirely evident that Japan had no intention of leaving her Embassy vacant, nor of sending a representative who would be disposed to make trouble. Baron Takahira had been Minister at Washington for the four years from 1901 to 1905, and was one of the envoys who negotiated the Peace of Portsmouth. He has been a friend of America in general and of President Roosevelt in particular. He may possibly be more energetic than Viscount Aoki, but he knows quite as well what can be and what can not be done at Washington by diplomatic pressure.

The return of the late Ambassador to Tokyo will be a good thing in one respect, for he will be able to give his Government first-hand information about conditions here, and to answer at short range the critics who have been so annoyingly industrious in long-distance attacks. At the same time a new witness will be qualifying in the person of Baron Takahira.

A Good King

KING OSCAR of Sweden died on the morning of December 8, at the age of seventy-eight years, nine months, and seventeen days, after a reign of thirty-five years. The cause of death was that clogging of the arteries of the heart and brain which are incident to old age, but the end may have been hastened by the shock of the secession of Norway. Oscar II inherited two crowns; he left one to his son. The humiliation was all the more bitter from the consciousness that as far as he personally was concerned it was entirely undeserved. There have been few abler kings, and none more conscientious. Oscar did all that any man could do to avert the break, but he occupied an impossible position. He was expected to be two kings at once, but he was only one man, and he could not divide himself into Swedish and Norwegian parts. Although he tried to do his duty as King of Norway he remained a Swede, and that the Norwegians could not forgive. But the very fact that destroyed his popularity in Norway enhanced it in Sweden. Freed from the strain of a divided duty, the King found rest and consolation in the adoring love of his own people.

King Oscar was a standing proof of the needless-ness of the precautions taken in most sovereign houses to prevent the intrusion of a drop of blood from outside the contracted royal caste. The worthless Leopold, King of the Belgians, is related to almost every royal family in Europe, while Oscar, universally recognized as one of the wisest, best, and kingliest of modern monarchs, was the grandson of a French peasant.

Improving the Post-Office

THE receipts of the postal service, that vast business enterprise which handles a quarter of the entire revenues of the Government, are making a brave race after the expenditures. This year's income would have paid any previous year's expenses, but this year's expenses are still a lap ahead. The gap is diminishing, however. The deficit for 1907, on a total outlay of \$189,935,242.79, is only \$6,692,031.47, while ten years ago, when the total budget was less than half as great,

the deficit was \$11,411,779. Even with the enormous leaks kept open by the laws regulating railway mail pay and forcing the Post-Office Department to carry thousands of tons of franked matter free, the service would probably pay its way if it were administered on business principles. Postmaster-General Meyer finds that "the particular and striking needs in this immense business institution of the Government are up-to-date business methods, a revised system of book-keeping, permitting the taking of a trial balance, and a permanent official, corresponding to the superintendent of a mill or the agent of a great consolidated manufacturing corporation, who would hold office continuously through various Administrations."

This permanent official, who might be known as the Deputy Postmaster-General or as the Director of Posts, would be a business man of wide experience, and would be expected to become familiar with the various bureaus and act as an expert adviser to the head of the Department.

The Postmaster-General's recommendations for postal savings banks and a parcels post have been criticized in some quarters as proposing to lay new burdens on the service before it has yet proved able to pay for the old ones. Mr. Meyer maintains that instead of proving burdens these new activities would more than pay for themselves. In operating her very successful postal savings bank system Canada has found that "practically no additional clerk hire is required in the various post-offices, the entries being made by the money-order clerk."

As to the parcels post on the rural free delivery routes, it is explained that while the increased cancellations will raise automatically the salaries of the fourth-class postmasters, the rest of the revenue derived from the new business "will be clear gain, and will go far toward making the rural service in time self-sustaining."

The Waterway Crusade

THIS year's sessions of the Rivers and Harbors Congress at Washington, the third within twenty-three months, brought together a greater volume of public opinion than was ever concentrated on the improvement of our waterways before. The movement has been definitely lifted now above the plane of a log-rolling scramble for local appropriations to that of a vast scheme of productive national development. The resolutions adopted ask Congress to view the subject "not as the appropriation of money for current expenses of government, but as an investment in permanent improvements, bound to pay increasing dividends from year to year." In view of the fact that the Government's engineers have already outlined desirable improvements that will cost \$500,000,000, the resolutions urge that at least one-tenth of this amount, or \$50,000,000, be appropriated systematically every year for the next ten years. This would connect the Lakes with the Gulf, would open the whole vast Mississippi Valley to water-borne commerce, would provide a sheltered waterway along the Atlantic Coast and develop the navigable possibilities of the rivers flowing into the Pacific. It would do

smoothly, automatically, and perfectly a work of railroad regulation that could not be accomplished by a dozen rate bills.

Some of the enthusiastic delegates in the Washington Convention talked about a great bond issue for waterway improvements, and this idea seemed to meet with considerable favor, but the final decision was to treat bonds as a last resort, to be used only in case the ordinary revenues should fall short.



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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Concerning the "Rev." Frederick A. Wiggin

By WILL IRWIN

IN THE series of articles entitled "The Medium Game," published in COLLIER'S last September, I made passing mention of the "Rev." Frederick A. Wiggin, who conducts Unity Spiritualist Church in Boston, and who has a wide reputation as a clairvoyant reader of written messages sent up during his services from his audience or congregation. I lumped him off with the "Rev." May Scannell Pepper-Vanderbilt as a "sealed-envelope reader," such being the generic term used in the profession for any one who does that kind of work, whether the letters are sealed or unsealed. I explained at length how easy it is for a fraudulent medium, using this method, to get a surreptitious knowledge, with his material eyes, of the hidden words in such letters. I was at pains, however, to say that I did not know for a certainty that either Mrs. Pepper or Mr. Wiggin was a fraud. Since then a lunacy commission has decided that a belief in the clairvoyant powers of Mrs. Pepper-Vanderbilt is one ground for considering the believer insane.

After that article appeared, Frederick A. Wiggin honored COLLIER'S with several letters, some indignant, some pleading. The latest and most intense reads as follows:

"BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS, October 29, 1907

"P. F. Collier & Son, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City, N. Y.

"GENTLEMEN—Again allow me to say to you that so far as your article, 'The Medium Game,' concerns May Scannell Pepper-Vanderbilt or certain well-known 'tricks' of the impostor, who is sometimes found parading under the cloak of spiritualism, I have nothing to say, beyond thanking you for it in so far as 'The Medium Game' exposes and enlightens.

"But in that article there are three statements made which vitally concern the interests of Unity Church and its pastor.

"First. You tell your readers that I am an eminent practitioner of sealed-letter reading.

"Second. You give your readers to understand that I am not a regularly ordained minister of the gospel. [This refers to the use of quotation marks in referring to his title of "Reverend."—Ed.]

"Third. In 'The Medium Game' you insinuate, in fact, practically charge, collusion between myself and ushers of Unity Church with intention of deceiving the public.

"Your first, second, and third assertions are totally false, and if you had made the slightest investigation, as you claim you have, you would have discovered the falsity of the statements made by your correspondent and for which, as publishers of COLLIER'S, I assume that you are responsible.

"Be it remembered that I am in no way concerned with what may be your correspondent's opinion of me or my work. We make no attempt to deny your correspondent the absolute right of opinion, but when his opinion, in a matter so vital to us, is contrary to the facts, we raise an emphatic protest against his making a public exhibition of his opinion.

"Since you are in error, and it can be easily proven that you are, upon the three points above mentioned, and since the widely circulated report has greatly injured me, I ask you once again to retract your statements in said article.

"Gentlemen, I can not bring myself to believe that it is your intention to so greatly injure any one, without cause, as you certainly have myself, and, in the light of such revelation as even a most superficial investigation of my claim would certainly place the whole matter, I am asking you if you are not willing to undo an injury you have done me? To readily comply with my request, it seems to me, under the circumstances, is a slight favor indeed, and one which I think you should hasten to grant rather than force me a suppliant for justice.

"Awaiting your valued reply, I am, Yours very truly, F. A. WIGGIN."

Folded Ballots and Sealed Letters—A Distinction Without a Difference

JAMES H. HYSLOP, head of the Society for Psychical Research in the United States, who has looked into Mr. Wiggin's case, simply laughed when he read this letter. Hereward Carrington, investigator of the Society, himself a former conjurer and author of the standard book, "The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism," smiled a patient smile. "Oh, yes, I've seen him work," he said. "He doesn't read sealed letters, at least not nowadays. He reads folded ballots blindfold. Strong difference, isn't it? Dr. Hodgson proved that you can't blindfold any man short of pulling a sack down over his head—and you are not sure even then. Wiggin wears a black blind like a pair of automobile goggles. If you'll study this game you'll see that the operator has only to fiddle around until a folded ballot falls open a little way, and then squint down his nose." W. S. Davis, that printer who went into the business of playing medium to help Dr. Hodgson prove how easy it might be, and who was endorsed in the Spiritualist papers as one of the world's marvels before he got through, smiled also. They all smiled at the mention of Wiggin. Possibly they are pleased to contemplate so much prosperity. "The platform graft is easy," said Davis. "I'll say just this about Wiggin. In his early days he seemed to have a little streak of something genuine—telepathy I call it, not believing in spirits. But some time when you have the leisure look into that mail communication that he sent to Dr. Funk." And Davis smiled again.

So I went up to Boston to "sit" with Mr. Wiggin.

Unity Church meets in Jordan Hall Annex, out on Huntington Avenue, holding services there three times every Sunday and every Tuesday evening.

When I entered Unity Church on Sunday evening, November 4, the services were already under way. The congregation filled the whole lower floor—about four hundred people at a guess. On the whole, it was a sleek, well-dressed gathering. At the door an usher handed me a regular church song sheet, containing a dozen hymns and a few announcements. As I entered, the congregation, led by the pipe organ, was singing "America." Mr. Wiggin himself, a small, slight man, dressed in the frock coat and white tie of the Protestant pastor, was seated centre platform. He has a thin, keen face, all planes; he wears a heavy mustache, covering a mouth that never opens far enough when he talks. The hymn finished, the pastor rose and read from the Scriptures the passage from Acts about Paul before Agrippa. A contralto soloist sang an anthem; the congregation stood for another hymn.

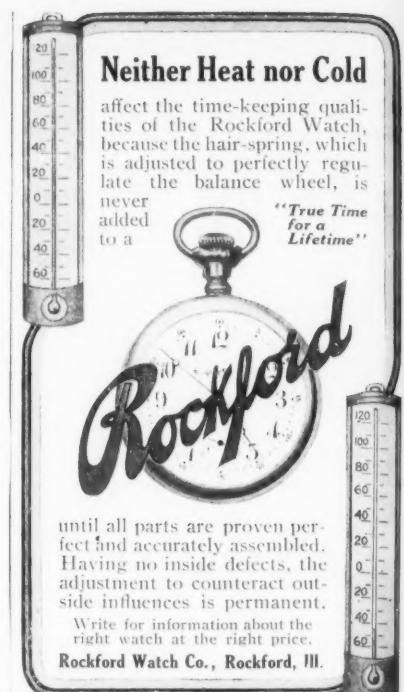
Mr. Wiggin preached for twenty minutes—a passable sermon aimed against old ideas of theology. He has informed COLLIER'S himself, in one of his letters, that he once took a course in theology. The organ played softly while he descended from the platform and gave the right hand of fellowship to two new members. Returning to his chair, he covered his eyes with his hand. Meanwhile the audience sang "Speed Away." During the singing another pillar of the church wheeled an oak table centre platform and removed the pulpit. An usher brought down the aisle a waste-paper basket full of folded papers. As I learned afterward, the basket had stood by the door of the auditorium while the congregation was gathering, and each seeker for revelation had dropped in his letter as he passed. In short, those letters had been out of sight of the audience—congregation rather—for about an hour. The assistant dumped them out on the table; and the Rev. or "Rev." Dr. Wiggin took from his pocket his justly celebrated blindfold. It appears to be a mask of black cloth falling pretty well down the face, with a notch cut for the nose. On its lower edge it stands rather far out from the face.

For the most part the letters were simply folded once down the middle; held up by the crease, they would fall gently apart at the slightest motion. For easy identification the old experienced sitters had cut the edges of their papers into strange, notched devices. A paragraph on the hymn card read as follows: "It will be well for all who seek spirit messages to bear in mind that in the preparation

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of their papers they should write the full name of one or more spirit friends, with a question if desired. Questions upon business matters should not be written." Keep your mind on that announcement. Oh, the divine harmony of the spirit world and mortal mind! In every communication received that evening the name or the initials of the spirit was the first thing revealed.

Mr. Wiggan leaned far over the table, with the pile of messages right below him, and fingered them nervously for some time. At last his control guided him to a letter folded in the middle and cut at the top in a scalloped pattern. He played with it nervously, dropped it toward his lap, let it flutter slightly open for a moment, before he got voice which gave the name of a spirit and a direct revelation, which was acknowledged at once from the audience. I do not remember the exact nature of this communication. When he had finished with this letter he dropped it, with an accuracy marvelous in a blindfolded man, into a waste-paper basket which stood by his feet. He read twenty or thirty letters that evening—his is rapid-fire work—and never once did he miss that basket. Probably his spirit control guides his hand.

Not all the letters were folded so that they fell open readily; and not all underwent that preliminary dropping toward the lap, that slight opening flutter, which would make this game so easy in the hands of a practitioner less eminent and conscientious than the "Rev." or Rev. Dr. Wiggan. Two of the messages were in envelopes, whether sealed or unsealed I could not see. Another was enclosed in black, light-proof paper. Still another was inside of two sheets of cardboard tied on all four sides with ribbon. The world of spirit draws a great distinction between sealed envelopes and letters tied up with ribbon. From these also he got accurate and immediate revelations. It was wonderful. Once the power of the spirit came suddenly upon him, attracting him toward a letter signed "Louise," I think. He pawed through the letters always with his head far over the table—but could not find it. At last he grabbed up the whole pile and let it sift through his hands. And when all the letters had fallen, lo! there, in the hand which he had kept farthest from the audience, with the pile of letters hiding it during the performance, was the letter signed "Louise"! This brought a burst of applause. Some one had sent up a letter written by a deceased friend. Mr. Wiggan handed that letter down to a man in the front row, asking him to verify the revelation. Mr. Wiggan then told the name of the deceased and her address while on the flesh plane. Both of these facts were in that letter, as the volunteer acknowledged. The applause shook the congregation or audience.

Finally, he sprang as a finisher the most dramatic thing he did. I quote from memory: the substance is there, if not the exact words:

"Some one, against the explicit request of Unity Church, has written a business communication," he said. "My guides tell me that there is a letter in this pile which reads: 'Uncle, was it all right about that deal? Who sent up that letter?' No answer. The shamed one was hiding his head. 'Well, I'll find it,' said Wiggan. (Business of lifting all the letters between his hands and letting them fall; and one folded letter remained between his hands.) "Now," he said, "I'm going to throw this out into the congregation and ask whoever gets it to read it." The letter, folded to a pellet, dropped in the third row. He who received it read it aloud. 'Twas even as the spirits said.

Mr. Switzer's Forgiving Message from "Over There"

"NOW," said the medium, "will the one that wrote this letter acknowledge it?" Still a guilty silence, which lasted while Wiggan repeated his challenge. Each looked at his fellow, trying to read in a blanched face the guilty soul which had done this terrible thing. The medium spoke again: "I won't shame you publicly; but let me tell you that I can say who you are just as easily as I said what was on that paper." Tremendous applause at this marvelous demonstration of spirit power.

Then the control passed. The audience was asked to rise and sing "Holy, Holy, Holy." The reverend gentleman wriggled out of control, removed the blindfold, and put it carefully in his inside coat pocket. Proceedings closed with a benediction.

About seventy-five people attended the Tuesday night meeting. I arrived at ten minutes past seven and sent my letters to the basket in the lobby. Wiggan did not appear on the platform until half-past seven—twenty minutes. But the woman who sat at the little table, before which the basket rested, doubtless watched it on behalf of the congregation to ensure against fraud. Mrs. Pepper, more careful to refute those skeptics who will persist in disbelief, always has the messages sent straight up to the platform, where they remain in full sight of the congregation. But she is frankly a reader of sealed envelopes, while Mr. Wiggan reads folded letters blindfold. If you have seen the light, you perceive a great distinction. I skip forward two hours in the narrative to say that when the session was over the sitters were permitted to take away their own letters from the pile. Only a few availed themselves of this privilege. On both Sunday and Tuesday nights the remaining letters were carefully gathered up and taken away by the ushers. It is well that the Reverend Dr. Wiggan, a regularly ordained clergyman, is not one of those blots on his profession who keep "test books." Else these letters, as memoranda, might be of great assistance to that fraud which he so earnestly deplores in his communications to COLLIER'S.

This mid-week meeting was not essentially different from the Sunday evening services, except that it was probably a little more dull. The reverend gentleman's procedure was marked by the same fumbling with the messages and the same accuracy of aim at the waste-paper basket which stood at the medium's feet. The significant thing relates to the fate of the three letters which I had sent to the basket. Each contained one of those double meanings which are known on the flesh plane as "jokers." One was sealed in an envelope; one was tightly folded; and one was simply folded down the middle and notched for identification. Keep your mind on that last one. Having written it in ink on rather thin paper, I examined it in all kinds of lights; and I found that by holding the folds close together I could readily read it through the paper without opening it. I had addressed it to a friend who has lived for some years in Mindanao, Philippine Islands, and who, I am sure, will not object to this public use of his name. It read:

"John M. Switzer:

"Did you forgive me before you went over?"

To the best of my remembrance and belief, Mr. Switzer never had anything to forgive me, either before he went over to the Islands or since.

When, near the end of the meeting, Wiggan picked up that letter, folded it lovingly near his lap, and smoothed it out, I felt like the débâtautre who is on the point of her first proposal. It was coming!

"I get a 'John,'" said the medium, promptly. "Who sent up this letter? Am I right?" I acknowledged it. "And I get that the second initial of the name is an 'M.' I get an 'S' too—I can't go any farther with the name—do you know a John M. S.?" I did, in truth. "Well, I get a voice which says: 'Yes, or I would not be happy where I am now.' Do you understand that? And it comes to me that this message refers to a misunderstanding that you had before John passed out. I can't get any more—but is that right?" So my poor friend is dead, dead since five weeks before, when the last mails left the Philippines—and no one thought to cable! And we had quarreled!

As we filed out, after the benediction, the platform assistant was gathering up the letters. He dumped them into the waste-paper basket with the organist's hymn book and the song sheets, and carried them all away. The letter to John M. Switzer went with the rest. Perhaps the Rev. or "Rev." gentleman has it still as a souvenir of a wonderful revelation which, traveling over sea and land, beat out the Pacific cable.

At a spiritualist camp meeting in Massachusetts, years ago, the young people wanted to hold a masquerade ball. "But how shall we get the costumes away up here?" objected one. The eleven-year-old son of a materializing medium whose séances were very popular in camp clapped his hands in generous glee. "Oh, mama will help you out," he cried. "She has a whole big trunkful of costumes upstairs. She uses 'em nights!"

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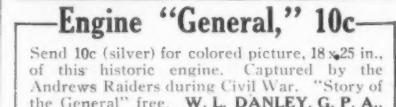
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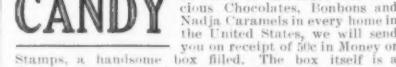
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